

# The Sketch

No. 688.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

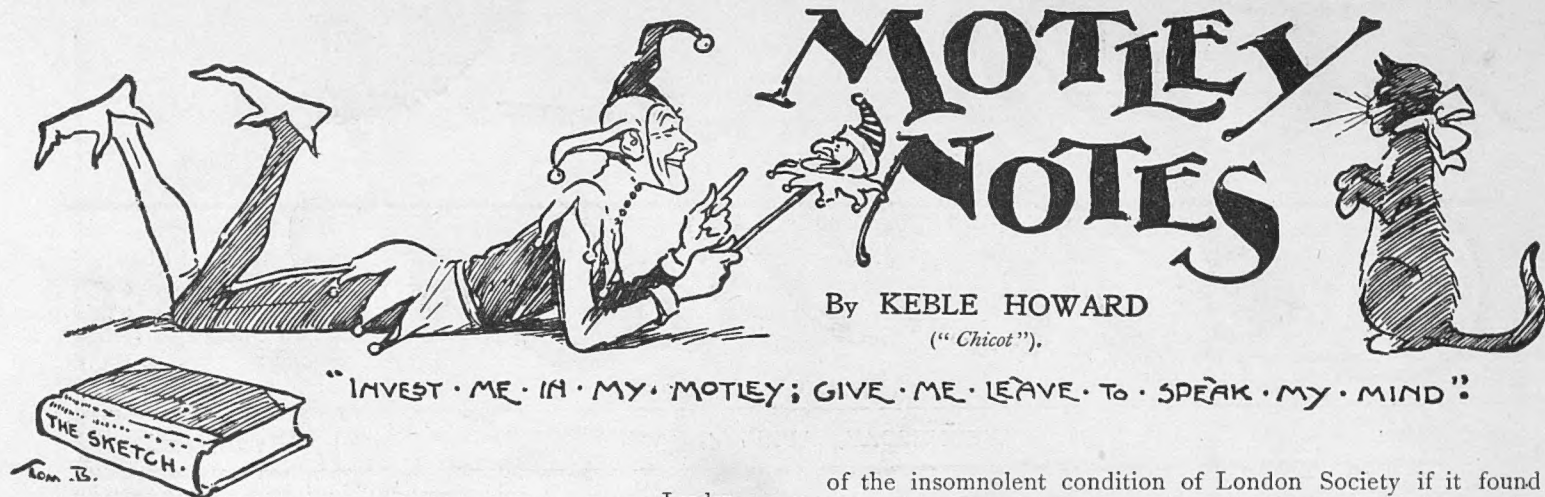


H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY, PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK, AND THE BABY PRINCESS MAY.

THE BABY PRINCESS'S NAMES ARE MAY HELEN EMMA.

*Photograph by Stuart, Richmond.*





London.

THE evil that months do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their days. Shall it be so with March? On the impulse of the moment, perhaps, most of us would exclaim that we are well rid of the cross-grained old fellow. "April," we should protest, "may be wayward, moody, even a little sulky at times, but she is never rude and uncompanionable like that old beast March. Get out of it, March! Come along, April! Don't be frightened. We're all wearing our pleasantest smiles of welcome for you." On reflection, though, we may recognise the injustice of this verdict. After all, March did his best to please. He has not the same advantages, you must remember, as some of the other months. He is born in the frigid East, and has ever been the butt of mad King Æolus. Under the circumstances, then, it seems to me that March is to be pitied rather than blamed. Year by year, as his turn comes round, he makes a noble effort to imitate the pretty graces of his younger sisters. This year, as a matter of fact, he was astonishingly successful—for a time. "Is it really March?" we said. Even Spring was deceived for a little while, and almost decided to get born. But, the almanack notwithstanding, the birth of Spring is an honour that King Æolus reserves for his favourite, April, and so he whistled down the pipe to poor March and bade him blow cold again. We all know how swiftly March obeyed.

Can it be possible that the Duchesses are actually getting a little tired of Dr. Emil Reich? I read in one paper that the distinguished audience, though just as large as ever, did not seem quite so interested in the lecture on "Art and Plato" as they had been in the previous lectures. And this apathy, it appears to me, is reflected in the remarks of our Claridge philosopher. I find in the report of his last lecture a more frantic wildness, a sort of passionate striving after startling nonsense, which would seem to indicate that a Duchess in the front row was sometimes on the point of snoring. For example—"There is no music in Nature, not even in the finest nightingale." Could any Duchess, even after the very best lunch that Claridge's can provide, sleep through an astounding statement of that sort? Apparently, for the philosopher went to still greater lengths. He began to talk about Columbus. Columbus, of course, is peculiarly topical, for he is always associated with an egg. And have we not had a musical play, once upon a time, called "Little Christopher Columbus"? Yes, it was clever of Dr. Reich to throw Columbus at the sleepy Duchesses, and he took care, I notice, to throw him hard. "Columbus," he said, "had the idea of America in his head before he discovered that continent, and if America had not been there, still Columbus would have discovered it."

You can hardly believe, can you, that anybody slept through that? Neither can I, and yet I search in vain for any other explanation of the philosopher's subsequent observations. For he went at 'em again in this way. "Raphael," said he—and in such a temple of Art the name of Raphael must surely have been as effective as a workman's alarum—"would have been a great artist if born without arms; arms are a mere detail to the artist." This reminds me that I once paid twopence at St. Giles's Fair, Oxford, to see the Armless Lady. She was sewing with her toes, and I wished that I had spent my twopence on teasing the elephants. I think there is something rather irreverent in the picture that Dr. Reich has suggested of a great artist painting a great picture with his toes. The artist might, of course, hold the brushes between his knees and work them with his teeth, but it would be awfully difficult for the model to keep serious. I wonder, by the way, if Dr. Reich would have been as glib a lecturer had he been born without a tongue? Possibly, yet his lectures would scarcely have proved so soothing to Duchesses. And one shudders to think

of the insomnolent condition of London Society if it found itself suddenly deprived of Doctor Reich's Soothing Syrup.

*Truth* has just made a startling discovery—as startling as any of the discoveries of Dr. Reich. *Truth* tells me that "most married men of the present moment, instead of girding at their mothers-in-law, are charmed with them, and treat them as though they were a pleasant decorative addition to their lives." Here is a happening that should not be passed over without some national recognition. Think of it! Ever since the world began—at least, ever since Seth got married, and Seth's wife took to saying nasty things to Eve about that unfortunate apple—the mother-in-law has been held up to universal derision, sneered at, mocked, insulted, bidden to sit at the draughty corner of the dinner-table. (It makes no matter that she generally changed places with her son-in-law.) And now, in this twentieth century of grace, married men have at last recognised that their mothers-in-law are a pleasant decorative addition to their lives. Something, I say, ought to be done about it—something on a grand scale. How would it be if the statue of Nelson in Trafalgar Square were draped in a black silk petticoat, and Mr. William Clarkson, the famous perruquier, were hauled up in a basket with instructions to "make up" the Admiral's head in a mob-cap and flaxen ringlets? The result, I am sure, would be a "decorative addition" to the life of London.

Seriously, though, I like to think of the ultra-modern married man courting the society of his mother-in-law. My one fear is that his wife may presently be inclined to resent the change. I fancy that I can overhear some such little dialogue as the following:

The period is 1935. The young couple have arranged to dine at a restaurant and spend the evening at a theatre—

HUSBAND. I hope you invited your dear mother to join us this evening?

WIFE. No, I didn't ask her this evening, dear.

HUSBAND. Indeed! May I inquire why not?

WIFE. Well, you didn't tell me to, for one thing.

HUSBAND. But surely you must know by this time, my darling, that I hate to go anywhere without her.

WIFE. That's not very complimentary to me, is it?

HUSBAND. Oh, you're different. You're my wife, of course, and all that sort of thing. But your mother is so charming, so decorative! She lends distinction to our little party, and her conversation is so—what shall I say?—stimulating.

WIFE. I'm sure I'm very sorry. It's a pity you didn't marry her instead of me.

HUSBAND. That's ridiculous, my darling. If I had married your mother, you see, she would have been my wife, and then, for ideal companionship, I should have been compelled to turn to *her* mother—in other words, your grandmother. And she's so deaf, poor dear.

WIFE. Well, I hope you're not going to sulk all the evening, just because I haven't invited mother.

HUSBAND. You know very well, dear, that I never sulk. You have evidently been reading in some trashy nineteenth-century novel about the nineteenth-century husband. The twentieth-century husband is a far superior being. He is always good-tempered, and looks upon his mother-in-law as a decorative addition to his life.

WIFE. In the last century they used to call that kind of man a prig.

HUSBAND. I wish to hear nothing about the last century. The husband in those days was a decadent fellow. It was a decadent age. All the relics that we have of it prove that.

WIFE. I wonder you're so fond of mother, then!

HUSBAND. Oh, for shame!



THE MOST DIFFICULT STEEPLECHASE IN THE WORLD.



THE GRAND NATIONAL, 1906.

*Photographs by Bowden Bros.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Togo's Men and Nelson — A Sailor of Fortune — A Trick Accident — Fighting "Stripped": How the Japanese Copied the "Victory's" Men — Japan and Alien Experts.*

THE little Japanese sailors, Togo's men, making their genuflections before Nelson's tomb, honouring the spirit of the greatest of all sailors, a hero who in their eyes ranks with Hideyoshi, the conqueror of Korea, recall to me what I saw and heard in Japan thirty years ago, when the Japanese Navy was just coming into existence. Amongst the many interesting men I met at that time in Tokio and Kyoto and Osaka was an Englishman, a very gallant fellow, a sailor of fortune who had served under many flags, and who had commanded one of the first of the Japanese steam-driven gun-vessels.

His command was a rickety old ex-merchant steamer, armed with guns which were as likely as not to burst, which had been sold to the Japanese Government in those years when the newly awakened nation in the East was willing to buy anything the West offered it, and learned its first lesson in Western civilisation, which was that the West thinks that the East should buy any rubbish at the highest possible price. The Japanese have never believed that war-ships and big guns are kept only for show, and just as the Daimios turned their first importation of big guns against foreign war-ships and learned thereby that a gun on a ship can be a very effective weapon, so, having a war-ship or two of their own, they thought they would like to test the mettle of the Chinese Fleet.

Great Britain and the other foreign nations, who still looked on Japan as a rather troublesome child in the school of international diplomacy, thought that a war with China was not a good outlet for Japan's energy, and two war-ships—one English, one American—were told off to watch the vessel commanded by my acquaintance, the sailor of fortune. The tricks he and his crew of little Japs played his guardians would, if I could remember them all, make a capital book for boys. The foreigners had a greater speed than the Japanese boat, and it was only by getting to sea with an hour or two's start that the pugnacious little Japs could hope to meet and fight a Chinese man-of-war before being herded back to their own ports again.

The telescopes from the bridges of the men-of-war were always upon the Japanese boat. One day there was the report of an explosion on the ex-merchantman and a cloud of steam rose. Evidently there had been an accident, and when a boat with wounded men put off to shore, the Americans and British offered the services of their

surgeons, which, however, were declined. The Captains of the men-of-war met the Captain of the Japanese boat that afternoon on shore, and found him quite broken-hearted over the accident, which had turned his ship into a lame duck. He thought it might cheer him up a little if the two Captains dined with him on board his craft.

The Captains saw no reason why they should not accept the invitation, and as their troublesome friend must be stationary for some days at least, the fires were drawn down in the British and American stoke-holds and the engineers were given shore leave. The foreign Captains dined on board the Japanese ship and enjoyed their dinner. As the boats waiting for them cast loose and the two Captains shouted "Good night" to their host, the Japanese vessel began to move. The accident was a trick; steam had been got up silently, and the Jap had at last got a clear start from her two attendant policemen.

And now I come to my little Nelson tale. The Japanese ship, roving the sea, sighted a vessel which might have been a Chinese man-of-war, and the men went to quarters. The Captain, going round to see the various gun crews, was astonished to find all his men as naked as they were when they were born. He asked what this freak meant, and was told that as Nelson's sailors always fought stripped, they wished to fight in the same manner. He explained that "stripped" was taken in a comparative sense on board the *Victory*, and the little men resumed their nether garments. The ship which had been sighted was not a Chinaman, and the American and Englishman having appeared on the scene with flame pouring out from their funnels, the Japanese truant was escorted back to harbour like a naughty boy caught before he accomplished attempted mischief.

I was in Japan when the first home-built modern war-ship was launched there—it was either a gun-boat or a very small cruiser—and I remember the satisfaction expressed that the whole work had been done without the aid of foreign brains. Japan in those comparatively early days

offered many pleasant posts to foreigners, the pleasantest, perhaps, being that of a consulting authority whom it was a point of pride not to consult. In all the great constructive departments, whether it was ship-building or railway-making or casting guns, there came a time when the Japanese thought they could dispense with the foreign instructors; but to make quite sure they offered the experts an engagement for some years to remain in the country, to be always near the works, and to give advice should it be asked for. One distinguished engineer spent some years always within a short distance of rail-head on the line over the mountains

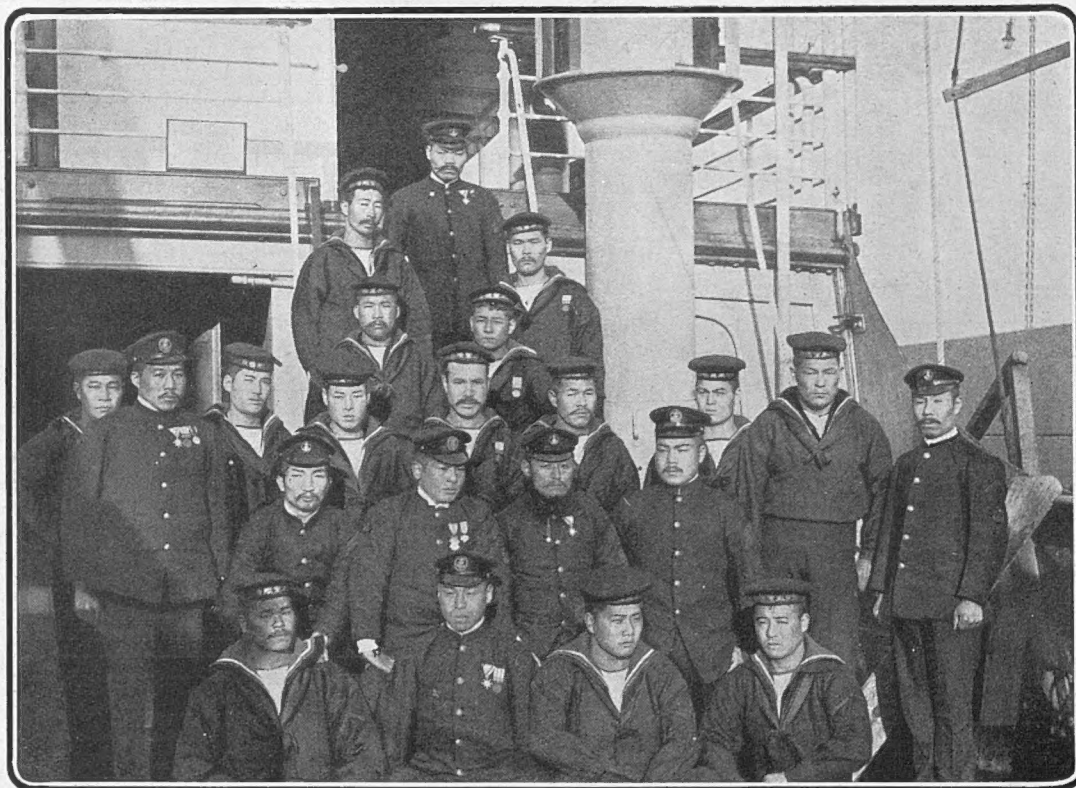
from Tokio to Kyoto. He fished and shot and enjoyed himself, but the Japanese engineers never found a knot they could not untie, and he was never called on to get them out of a difficulty.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE TOGO TARS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY: LIEUTENANT SOSA.

It was Lieutenant Sosa who led the daring attempt to block Port Arthur harbour by sinking steamers in the fairway, and he was the sole survivor of the forlorn hope. When all his comrades had perished, he coolly set about the scuttling of his ship, and then dived into the sea. He was picked up in an exhausted condition.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



SUPER-HEROES OF THE JAPANESE NAVY: TOGO TARS WHO SERVED THROUGHOUT THE BLOCKADE OF PORT ARTHUR—NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



# "MAURICETTE," AT THE LYRIC.



Mme. Dautran (Miss Marion Terry).

Roger Dautran (Mr. H. B. Irving).

ROGER DAUTRAN, THE MIDDLE-AGED SENATOR, WHO REGAINS AND RETAINS HIS YOUTH UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HIS WIFE'S READER, MAURICETTE, LEARNS THAT HIS FRIEND PAUL WISHES TO MARRY MAURICETTE, AND, REALISING THAT HE HIMSELF LOVES HER, SEEKS TO END THE PROJECT.

MME. DAUTRAN: Paul has told you of his proposal to Mauricette?

DAUTRAN: Yes, yes. Seriously, Andrée, you don't approve of this marriage, do you?

MME. DAUTRAN: Yes, I do.



Dautran (Mr. H. B. Irving).

Mauricette (Miss Dorothea Baird).

DAUTRAN LEARNS THAT YOUTH WILL TO YOUTH, FINDS THE LESSON ALMOST MORE THAN HE CAN BEAR, AND MAKES A DESPERATE APPEAL FOR THE LOVE OF MAURICETTE.

DAUTRAN: Don't say to me "It's all over." (*Dautran stretches out his arms to Mauricette; she does not move.*) Ah, God, it's ended!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.



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**THEATRICAL NOTES.**

IN pursuance of his usual custom, Mr. Waller will close the Imperial all next week. He will "kill time" by giving flying matinées of "Brigadier Gerard" on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at Portsmouth, Birmingham, and Manchester respectively. The Imperial will reopen with that play at Easter.

The Literary Theatre Society, which produced "Aphrodite Against Artemis," last Saturday, has now been transformed into the Literary Theatre Club, with an entrance fee of half-a-crown and an annual subscription to be fixed later on. One of the newest accessions to the club is Mr. W. B. Yeats, who will no doubt allow some of his works to be produced by it in due course.

To have played a part five thousand times, to be as full of enthusiasm for it as ever, and to play it as freshly as in the early days of its run, is a feat of which an actor may well be proud. The record and the feat are those of Mr. Charles Warner, who has been engaged at the Coliseum, where he is giving his masterly performance of Coupeau in "Drink," a performance which not only made his reputation, but in which he is said to be even finer than was Gil Naza, the original representative of the part in Paris.

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**Out of Due Time.** Wilfrid Ward. 6s.

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C. A. PEARSON.  
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**The Mysteries of Modern London.** G. R. Sims. 2s. 6d.  
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**Models, and How to Make Them.** Cyril Hall. 1s.

BLACKIE.  
**Essays from the "Spectator."** Red Letter Library. 2s. 6d.

H. DRANE.  
**A Wreath of Remembrance.** M. Y. W. 3s. 6d.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

WHILE King Edward and Queen Alexandra are enjoying a well-earned yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, the Prince and Princess of Wales are steaming homewards after the most successful and brilliant of their joint Imperial journeys. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are also "in sight of home"; but their only son is enjoying Canadian hospitality *en route* from Japan.

Travelling has become one of the pleasantest of the many duties of our hard-worked Royalties. The King is known to have a great belief in the educational value of travel, and he himself, both as Prince of Wales, and since the Accession, has made a point of seeing as much of the world as possible.

### *The Court and the Season.*

There are signs that the coming Season will be exceptionally brilliant, and that many royal personages will be entertained in magnificent fashion. Among the future Sovereigns expected in London are Prince and Princess Gustavus of Sweden, whose visit will, however, be rather late

Alexandra's recent bereavement, the Princess of Wales will play a more prominent part as hostess than she has hitherto done. The Princess Royal may also entertain more than her Royal Highness has hitherto cared to do; and Princess Christian is actively concerning herself with more than one important charity fête.

### *The Kaiser as Miniature-Painter.*

Empress's relatives. This has been proved by the very graceful gift just made by his Imperial Majesty to Princess Friedrich-Leopold of Prussia. This Princess, who celebrates her birthday on April 6, has received from her mighty brother-in-law a beautiful miniature of her two sons, painted by the Kaiser himself. The royal artist was aware that Princess Friedrich-Leopold was particularly fond of a photograph taken of her two boys some years ago; accordingly he based his miniature on this early portrait of his nephews. The Emperor has inherited his British mother's great artistic gift, and in his spare time he often spends a couple of hours with palette and brush.



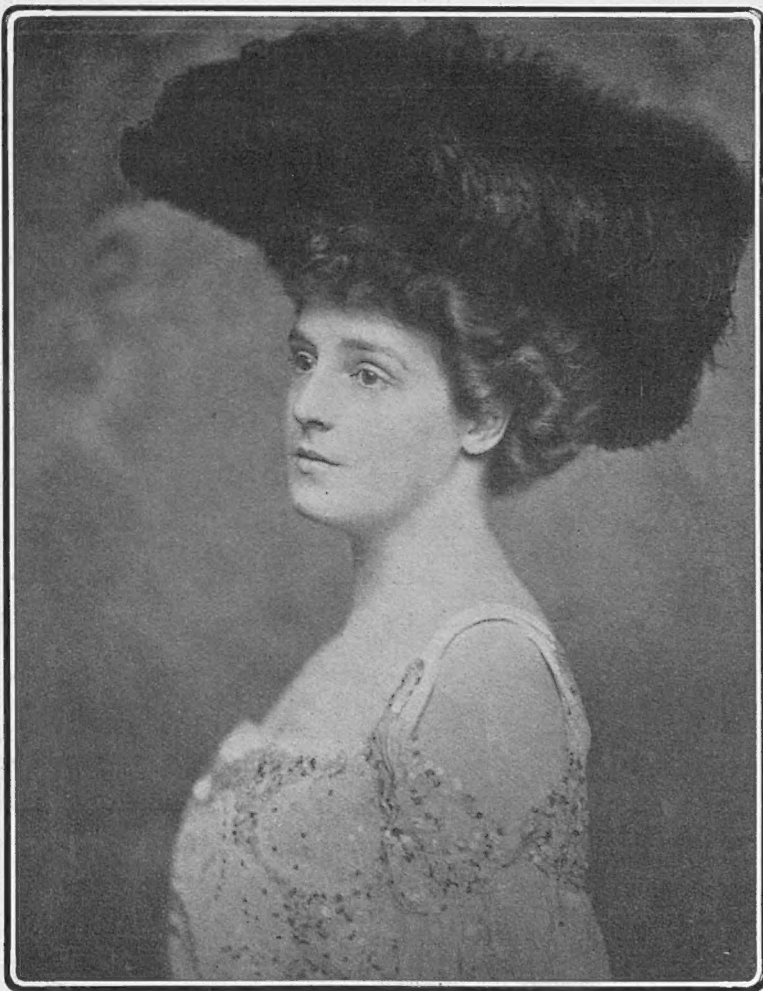
A PHOTOGRAPH UPON WHICH THE KAISER HAS BASED A MINIATURE: A PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCES FRIEDRICH-SIGISMUND AND FRIEDRICH-KARL OF PRUSSIA.

### *Two Famous American Beauties.*

America is famous for its beautiful women, and among the noted belles—as they are still styled on the other side of the Atlantic—the two who stand out most prominently are Mrs. Dana Gibson, whose portrait we give on another page, and Mrs. Lee Tailor, whose portrait is here reproduced. Who has not heard of the Gibson Girl? Her creator, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, who is still on the right side of forty, is the fortunate husband of the lovely woman who was before her marriage Miss Irene Langhorne. The Misses Langhorne enjoyed during their girlhood the pleasant reputation of being the best-looking group of sisters in America, and each and all were immortalised by the pencil of the brilliant artist who may be said to have crystallised, in an art sense, the American type of womanhood. The marriage of Miss Irene Langhorne with Charles Dana Gibson took place ten years ago. In 1897 Miss Nannie Langhorne, another of the sisters, became the wife of Mr. Gould Shaw. It is this lady whose engagement to Mr. Waldorf Astor has created so much interest in English society. Mrs. Lee Tailor is a daughter of Rear-Admiral Yates Stirling, of the U.S. Navy. She was chosen as the representative beauty of America for a famous book compiled in Canada.

### *"The Ladies' Battle."*

The elections would be a dull affair were it not for the fair canvassers and their often wildly romantic statements of all that their candidate hopes to accomplish. But rarely has a political contest been so truly "the ladies' battle" as that in which the Marquess of Graham and Mr. Harold Pearson are the contending parties. The future Duke of Montrose has had the untiring help of his fiancée, Lady Mary Hamilton, the clever granddaughter of the Duchess of Devonshire, and Mr. Pearson that of his bride, a daughter of the House of Churchill, and so a cousin of "Winston." It would be ungallant to suggest that this has been a case of "Let the best woman win," for both young ladies have done their best and played the game according to the rules. The result will be known on Friday or Saturday.



CHOSEN AS A REPRESENTATIVE TYPE OF AMERICAN BEAUTY: MRS. J. LEE TAILOR.

Mrs. Tailor, who is the daughter of a well-known American naval officer, is a perfect type of blonde, with golden hair.

*Photograph by the Campbell Studio.*

owing to a domestic event expected to take place this month or in May. The Empress-Dowager of Russia will be in England this summer, but she will live in great retirement; and owing to Queen



*The Engagement of the Heir to the Earldom of Cavan.*

The Lambart-Randolph engagement, recently announced with reserve in *The Sketch*, would seem to be an accomplished fact. The bride-elect, Miss Adelaide Randolph, is a daughter of the late Colonel Randolph, of the United States, and a step-daughter of an ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, Mr. W. C. Whitney. The bridegroom-elect, the Hon. Lionel Lambart, is the heir to the Earldom of Cavan, held by his brother. He comes of a family that may fairly be called sporting: he himself is fond of outdoor life; Lord Cavan hunts, shoots, and plays golf and tennis; his sister, Lady Maud Edith Gundreda Barrett, who married in 1892 and was widowed nine years later, is captain of a ladies' golf club; and his mother, the late Mary Countess of Cavan, was famous as one of England's best croquet players.

*The Kaiser "Gramophoned."*

The National Museum at Washington is forming a collection of gramophone records of famous men, and the greatest triumph that it has secured so far is a reproduction of the Kaiser's voice. This was obtained by a Dr. Scripture, a member of the Smithsonian Institute, and the speech was made for the record only on the condition that no public use is to be made of the plate during the Kaiser's lifetime.

*A Sporting Parson.*

The Rev. Sir William Hyde Parker, tenth Baronet of a creation dating from 1681, is one of the best-known and one of the most respected of sportsmen-parsons. For four seasons he has hunted the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds, and his retirement from the Mastership has just been marked by the presentation of a suitable testimonial. Sir William, who is on the right side of five-and-forty, was ordained twenty years ago, and, after a spell as Curate of All Saints', Wokingham, was appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of Barbados. The first holder of the title was an Alderman of the City of London, and the fifth that gallant sailor who was in command at St. Lucia in 1780, and during the action with the Dutch on the Dogger Bank. The family seat is Melford Hall, Long Melford, Suffolk.

*Dining the Distinguished.*

Our national habit of dining eminent personages survives all the ridicule that has been poured on it. Most public dinners are dismal affairs, with indifferent food, a conventional toast-list, and conventional speeches, but there are two fixed for next Friday (April 6) which should be exceptions—the Fishmongers' to his Majesty's Ministers and the Pilgrims' to Lord Curzon of Kedleston. The Fishmongers' is perhaps the most distinguished of all the City Companies, and its honorary freedom is a real distinction. Moreover, though the palmy days of City dinners, when every guest found a five-pound note under his plate, are gone, this Guild is still rich and generous enough to "do" its guests extremely well. The feast has its ironical aspect, for the Government are believed to have felled designs against the privileges of the City, so that it will be rather like



THE BETROTHAL OF THE EARL OF CAVAN'S HEIR: MISS ADELAIDE RANDOLPH, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE HON. LIONEL LAMBERT.

Photograph by the Pictorial News Company.

a banquet given by some representative bullocks to an association of butchers. The Pilgrims, a most influential Anglo-American Club, regard Lord Curzon with special interest because of his American marriage. Just about the same time, too, the corresponding body of Pilgrims in New York will be entertaining Lord Grey, the Governor-General of Canada.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

CLERGYMAN AND EX-MASTER OF THE NEW-MARKET AND THURLOW FOXHOUNDS: THE REV. SIR WILLIAM HYDE PARKER, Bt.

*A King's "Wear" for Thieves.*

The other morning the Paris police paid a domiciliary visit to a house where were three thieves in active co-operation. In the cupboard, into which the myrmidons of the law pried, were found some really curious objects. There were uniforms destined for the Court of Spain, and, in a great case, boots for the feet of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. There is something quaint, is there not, in this theft of uniforms? One was an Admiral's outfit, and the wearer of it ought to have been the King of Spain—indeed, it was ordered for his wedding with our charming young Princess Ena of Battenberg. Now, thieves cannot masquerade in open in Admiral's uniform—in a King's suit, in fact—without running serious risks. In the first place, King's coats and trousers are made to measure and do not fit all the world; in the second, thieves have need of a constant incognito, which would be destroyed by their appearance upon the streets in the outward seeming of a Spanish Admiral. We should suppose that the dishonest three took it in turn to be king *chez eux* and to array themselves in glory and gold lace. King for an afternoon might gratify the trivial souls of these annexers of other people's goods. Let us hope that Alfonso XIII. will recover his military finery in a condition fit to wear.

*The Owner of Ob.* M. Maurice Ephrussi, whose Ob proved the dark horse of the Lincoln Handicap and the winner—at 20 to 1—is prominent in French racing circles, and is by no means unknown at Monte Carlo, where he once contrived to add his name to the comparatively short list of those who have broken the bank. He is related by marriage to the clan Rothschild—he is brother-in-law to the Barons Albert and Edward. That he backed Ob for a very considerable amount proves his faith in the horse, but it does not necessarily prove that he regarded it as a "cert.," for he is given to playing "maximums."

*Lady Ashburton.* Lady Ashburton, whose marriage to the fifth Baron was recently announced, was, as Miss Frances Donnelly, or, to give her her stage-name, as Frances Belmont, well known to American audiences. Her first "hit" was in the "slavey" part in which our photograph shows her, but she was perhaps more widely known as one of the six "Florodora" girls, and as one of the "leads" with Mr. Charles Hawtrey when that popular actor was appearing in America. Her hair is said to be the most distinctive thing about her—it has been said to resemble "a burning warehouse," which must be presumed a compliment—but she has other than mere physical attractions, and her accomplishments are said to be many. She first made her husband's acquaintance at a supper-party in Paris some eighteen months ago.



LADY ASHBURTON: LORD ASHBURTON'S WIFE AS SHE APPEARED IN HER FIRST STAGE SUCCESS.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.





AN ORIGINAL "GIBSON GIRL": MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

vision. Every possible care has been taken for their freshness and maturity. We guarantee that our fruits retain their natural flavour and are of the finest quality." Those "fruits," so fine and matured, retaining all their natural flavour, proved to be very "gamey" frogs embedded in what seemed rancid goose-grease!

*The Knight of the Black Hand!* It is rather amusing to learn that the revolutionary society known as the Black Hand indignantly repudiates the harebrained youth who tried to extort £5000 from Mr. Arthur Balfour by threats which, if vague, were yet sufficiently unpleasant. The fact that he addressed his letter "Lord Balfour" shows that he had not gone to work in a business-like manner; but, then, Pelissa is a long way from London. Paessler, for that is the young blackmailer's name, seems to have been let off with a very light punishment by the German authorities. His only excuse was that he was "in need of money." This opens up vast possibilities for the idle apprentice.

*The Duchess of Wellington.* Apsley House has a double interest attached to it. The mansion was given to the famous Duke of Wellington by a grateful nation, and it contains one of the finest collection of Spanish pictures in the kingdom—indeed, the Correggio and the Julio Romano, both from the Spanish Royal collections, were declared by the then President of the Royal

*Frogs as Fruit.* Sons of the West who attend the dinner to be given this evening by the Chinese Minister in London to Duke Tsai-chi and his fellow-Commissioners will be well advised not to seek explanations as to the genesis of their dishes too diligently. In a Chinese dish there is no saying where mystery begins and ends. A sample rich and rare was sent some time ago to the present writer. Upon one side of the vessel was a legend in what must have been irreproachable Chinese; upon the other this translation: "These fruits were packed in the vicinity of our orchards, under our personal super-

grandee. Her Grace had a brilliant social career as Lady Arthur Wellesley; she is related to her predecessor, Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, and was, before her marriage, Miss Williams. The Duke and Duchess have six children—four stalwart sons and two daughters. Lord Douro, as in duty bound, is a soldier, and one of his younger brothers was badly wounded in the South African campaign. The elder daughter of the house married a younger son of



THE WIFE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER AT MOROCCO: MRS. GERARD LOWTHER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Lord Northbourne almost immediately after her father's accession to the Dukedom, and the youngest daughter is one of the prettiest of twentieth-century débutantes.

*Mrs. Gerard Lowther.* Bachelor diplomatists generally pay America the high compliment of choosing a bride during their term of office in Washington. A case in point is that of Mr. Gerard Lowther, a younger brother of the Speaker. Few diplomatists of his age have had a better-filled career: he has served his country at Tokio, at Buda-Pesth, at Santiago, and at Washington. It was there, while acting as Secretary at the British Embassy, that he met his beautiful wife, Miss Alice Blight, the daughter of a well-known citizen of Philadelphia. The wedding took place in London, not long after Mr. Gerard Lowther's appointment as British Minister at Morocco.

*Baccarat!* "Lucky at cards, unlucky in love," is a proverb which has been adopted in all civilised countries. If there be any truth in it, then a certain N. von Szemere, a scion of the old Hungarian nobility, must be of all lovers the most unfortunate, for he is said to have won over £60,000—that is, a million and a half kroner—at baccarat. If this tale be true, and it is believed in Vienna, then the fortunate gambler must have been holding the bank—that is, willing to lose a large sum on any one evening. Baccarat remains the best of gambling card-games, partly because—a famous *cause célèbre* notwithstanding—it is more difficult to cheat at baccarat than at other games sometimes played at foreign clubs. The fortunate winner, Herr von Szemere, is noted for his luck, for some time ago he won two million kroner at the Vienna Jockey Club.

*How to Collect the Rates.* The good people of the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg have a conscientious objection to "settling" their rates, and the authorities have to employ all sorts of stratagems to get in the money. The municipality of Orlamünde has just given notice that those who do not pay their rates will not be permitted to enter any café or public-house.



THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BLACKMAIL MR. BALFOUR: RICHARD ARNO PAESSLER.

Paessler, who was recently tried and imprisoned for attempting to blackmail Mr. Balfour to the tune of £5000, described himself as President of the Black Hand Secret Society. He is twenty.

Academy to be each worth a battle. The old Duke, who obtained them as part of lawful loot, offered to return them to the King of Spain, but the chivalrous Sovereign refused to deprive the famous soldier of what he had won in fair fight. The Duchess of Wellington will almost certainly be among the King of Spain's guests at his forthcoming marriage, for the Wellesleys have always kept on intimate terms with Spain, and, as all the world knows, the Duke is a Spanish



THE MISTRESS OF APSLEY HOUSE: THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



WINNER OF £60,000 IN ONE DAY: HERR NIKOLAUS VON SZEMERE, THE WELL-KNOWN HUNGARIAN SPORTSMAN.



### A Strike Against Barbers' Charges.

A novel strike is reported from Lachen, a little town in Switzerland, and it is of interest in connection with the complaint of some of the new members of the House of Commons about the charges of the Parliamentary barber. The men of Lachen have decided to strike against an attempt of the barbers of that place to raise their prices. Hitherto the yearly subscription at all the barbers' shops in the place has been four shillings for one shave a week, and eight shillings for two shaves a week, occasional hair-cutting being thrown in. But now the barbers want to charge six shillings a year for one shave a week, and ten shillings a year for two shaves a week, hair-cutting to be paid for as extra. The men of Lachen have risen as one, and have sworn never to have their beards shaved or their hair cut until the barbers return to the old prices. And there for the time being the matter rests, with the town getting hairier day by day.

### Salvation in a Beer-Vat.

Lord Lister, who enters upon his seventieth year to-morrow, is one of the giants whose performances have been too immense for the average mind to grasp. Yet there is romance enough in his career to make the fortune of a novelist. It is rather an equivocal compliment to pay a man to say that he found salvation in the beer-vat. Yet it is the literal truth in Lord Lister's case. Louis Pasteur examined a couple of vats of beer—one whole, the other sour. The micro-

scope showed that in the sour beer atmospheric organisms had been at work. Lord Lister found that if Pasteur could keep beer and wine and milk sound by excluding putrefactive organisms, then he could apply the principle to the treatment of wounds. Death was stalking in the train of the surgeon, who, aided by anaesthetics, now attempted heroic operations. Pasteur's treatment

separation having taken place. It was consequently considered to be impossible for the keys to be remitted to the actual occupant of the see. "We really do not know the gentleman," murmured the Republic. "How should we? We have never been introduced." But a happy thought struck the Department responsible, and the keys were dispatched to the Vicar-General of the diocese, Abbé Poincelin. Fortunately for the peace of Europe, M. l'Abbé remembered that he had a new Bishop, and even knew his name. To the prelate, therefore, he went, taking the keys with him. And thus the incident

### THE MOST TALKED-OF WOMEN IN PARIS, BIARRITZ, HUNGARY, AND COURRIÈRES.



BIARRITZ.—QUEEN NATALIE OF SERBIA, WHO HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY REQUESTED TO LEAVE FRANCE.

Queen Natalie has become a devout Roman Catholic, and has interested herself in the party which has been protesting against the taking of the Church inventories in France. As a result, she has been requested to leave Biarritz, where she has lived in retirement for some years, and she will settle down at San Sebastian.

of beer was developed for the operating theatre—not swiftly, nor with immediate success, but finally with such thoroughness that nowadays there is no operation too drastic for the surgeon to undertake with confidence.

### The Cradle of "Die Meistersinger."

Comparatively few people know it, but Dr. Richter, whose sixty-third birthday this is, was the first man to see "Die Meistersinger" after it had left the hands of the composer. Having completed the composition, Wagner sent for someone to copy it out for the printer. Young Richter was chosen, and went to Wagner's villa near Lucerne, where the composer lived in complete retirement. And it was by Richter's own hands that the full score was made ready for publication. At the time he himself played the horn, and, so as not to disturb his master, he would row across the lake to an island to play selections from the work. One day a stranger broke in upon him in this retreat, having tracked him to discover his identity. Many years later, when Richter



PARIS.—MLLE. DE VILLERS, WHO IS CELEBRATED FOR THE GREAT SIZE OF HER HATS.

Mlle. de Villers, the actress, is credited with a desire to outdo the matinee girl, so far at least as the size of her hats is concerned.

went to Oxford to receive his musical degree, the same stranger stepped up to congratulate him, and recall the island incident. "Ah," said Richter, "you were the first person in the world to hear selections from 'Die Meistersinger.'"

### A French Bishop and his Keys.

Church and State are divorced, as you know, in France. Numerous curious little incidents have arisen in consequence—we refer not, of course, to the riots connected with the inventory-taking. Monseigneur Le Nordez, who has ceased—for various good and sufficient reasons, doubtless—to be agreeable to the Vatican, was recently supplanted in his Bishopric of Dijon. But Le Nordez determined not to relinquish his see without making himself unpleasant to the representative of St. Peter. He refused to give up the keys of his episcopal palace to his successor. "I do not know you," he said. "I received my powers from the French Government, and to them I must restore the keys." His argument, of course, was quite good, as he was appointed when the Concordat, or treaty uniting Church to State, was in operation. Monseigneur therefore sent the keys to Paris. But here arose a great difficulty—what to do with them. The Government no longer acknowledge the Church or her officers, the



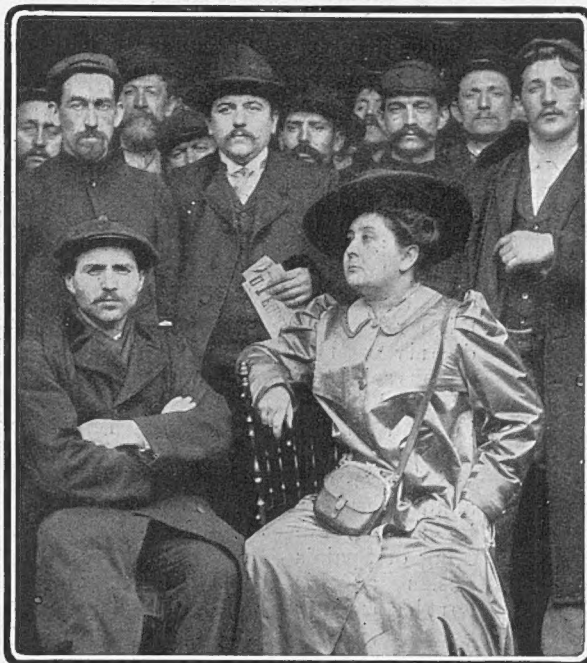
HUNGARY.—THE ARCHDUCHESS CLOTILDE, WHO IS SAID TO BE RUINED.

The Hungarian papers assert that the speculations of the Archduchess Clotilde, widow of the late Archduke Joseph, have resulted in a loss of some £400,000—practically the whole of her fortune. It is also said that the Emperor Francis Joseph has requested her sons-in-law, the Duc d'Orléans and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, to inquire into the matter.

ended. The locked-out Prince of the Church got a bed in his own palace that night.

### Bacchus and Bacilli.

Hats off to a doctor named Dalton, who has made the important discovery that wines, more especially red ones, "have a germicidal action upon pathogenic micro-organisms." Of course they have! Henceforth it will be necessary to good wives to recognise the healing virtues of lodge-night and the club, and husbands need no longer be detained all the evening at the office on business arrears. They may boldly declare that in looking in the wine-cup when it is red they have been simply carrying out the Dalton treatment for those dangerous micro-organisms of which the City is notoriously full. Moreover, prevention being far better than cure, the affectionate *cara sposa* will in future see that her hubby has a bottle of Château Larose, or at any rate a good, sound Burgundy, for breakfast, instead of the nerve-destroying tea or coffee, before he encounters the day's bacilli.

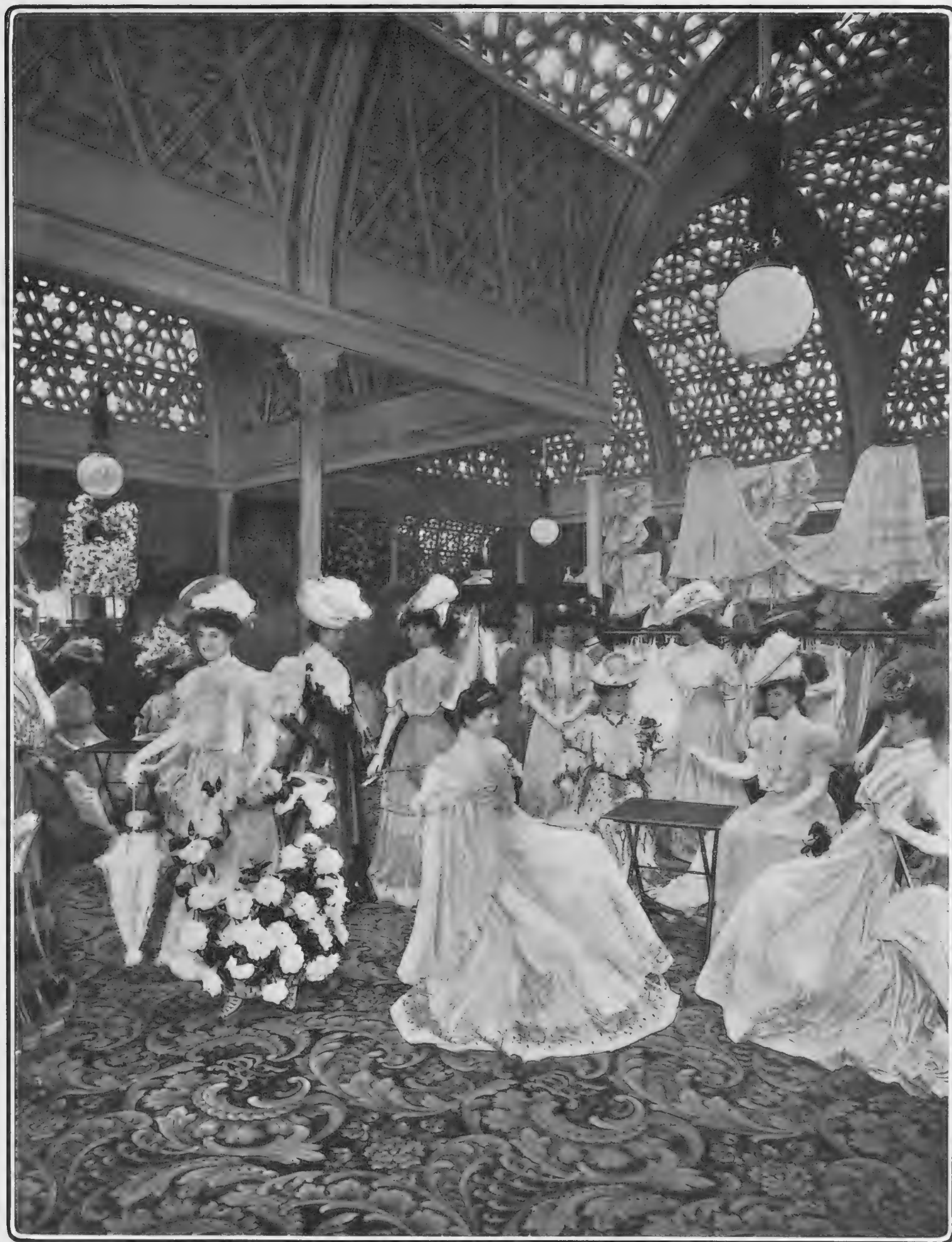


COURRIÈRES.—"LA CITOYENNE SORGUE," A LEADER OF THE STRIKERS AT COURRIÈRES.

"La Citoyenne Sorgue" has been taking active part in the organisation of the strike which followed the mine disaster at Courrières. On one occasion she flaunted a revolutionary flag to such effect that the gendarmerie took it from her by force. Her beliefs are by no means confined to outward show: she runs her estate on Socialistic principles.



## THE MANNEQUIN IN ALL HER GLORY.



ASCOT ANTICIPATED: A COSTUME PARADE AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

Messrs. Peter Robinson, the well-known firm of costumiers, held an exceedingly well stage-managed dress parade in their Oxford Street premises last week. But for the background, the scene might have been the lawn at Ascot, or an ultra-fashionable garden-party. No fewer than thirty mannequins displayed the gowns, hats, and accessories.

*Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.*





By E. A. B.

**Black Art.**

In the hands of the Bishop of London, the story of missionary progress should be interesting and inspiring. Missions have, of course, made enormous progress within the period covered by the Bishop's lecture. Here and there they have held their way in manner not commonly known. One was set up somewhere in Africa, with church, school, everything complete. Then something happened; the missionaries were called home, and for years this part of the world was overlooked. Eventually it was decided that the deserted distant village ought to be reclaimed. More missionaries were sent. Upon arrival they were delighted to find the schools still in good order, the church intact, the bell ringing for service. Nothing seemed visibly altered, yet somehow there *was* a change. What was it? they asked. The Chief informed them that there had been a trifling alteration. The missionaries had told them that all good came from heaven, all ill from the nether regions. Therefore, since the departure of the mission, they had sought to preserve the balance by always praying to the devil!

**A Slight Omission.** The Bill granting the right of appeal in criminal cases seems to be generally welcome in this country. Some may be grateful in the expectation of mercies to come; some may have memories. There lives, or lived, one man who would have been very glad to take advantage of rights such as this new reform will confer. Said the jailer to the Recorder at Scarborough in days when they had a jail-delivery but once a year, "What is to be done with the man who created a disturbance in Court last year?" The Recorder was staggered. "Why, I only meant him to be detained for a day," he said; "release him at once."

**Two at a Table.** "I would you were so honest a man," Hamlet remarked to Polonius when the latter pleaded "Not guilty" to the saying that he was a fishmonger. The Fishmongers, who have his Majesty's Ministers for guests on Friday evening, are correctly described only in so far as they are members of the ancient livery whence they derive the title. And it is most certain that, accoutred for the feast, they do not look the part of fishmongers. But appearances are too often deceptive, as Coleridge discovered when he had for neighbour at dinner one night a man of magnificent head and features, who listened with deference and seeming joy to his conversation. Upon art and poetry, upon religion and philosophy, the prince of talkers discoursed. The intellectual stranger did not interrupt by so much as a syllable; he nodded, and bowed approval and acquiescence. But, lo! apple dumplings appeared at table. Then the silent one gave tongue. "Them's the jockeys for me!" he said.

**Unfinished Memorials.**

With an advocate as resolute as Lord Stanmore to back it, the scheme of decoration of the interior of the Palace of Westminster ought at last to be completed. But we must not be too sanguine. It took almost half a century to get the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral finished; and several pedestals in Trafalgar Square lack a monument. We are not short of heroes to commemorate, but of the will and the wherewithal to do the commemorating in good bronze or marble. We are not quite alone in this particular. Uncle Sam has a conspicuous blank in the dome of his Capitol. Brumidi was commissioned to decorate it, but died before his task was ended. His successor took up the scheme where the dead man had left it. To his dismay, he found that the plan, either through his own miscalculation or his predecessor's, was "out": there were not pictures enough to go round. A committee recommended that the vacant space should depict the driving of the last spike on the Union Pacific Railway, but that was not found to accord with the rest of the scheme. So the artist still awaits instructions, and the panel is empty.



A GOOSE THAT HOOTS LIKE A MOTOR-HORN.

A correspondent in Siam sends us the above photograph, together with a cutting from the *Bangkok Times*, stating that "A friend of his has trained the bird to give a creditable imitation of a motor-car hooter whenever a stranger approaches. The goose," he adds, "is a veritable watchdog."

bare "out-of-pockets." Alas for wasted effort! The plaster of the walls had not dried before the paintings were done; gas, unguarded by glass, flared in the chamber. Before the world had had an opportunity of seeing what Coventry Patmore described as "so brilliant as to make the walls like the margin of an illuminated manuscript," the gas and the damp had done their worst. The paintings were ruined.

**A Rockefeller Story.**

A recent American mail brought us the text of one of young Mr. Rockefeller's Bible-class speeches, and the daily papers have been making fun of it. Joseph, because of his careful husbanding of corn in Egypt, is claimed by the financiers as their patron saint, the pioneer in corners. Young Mr. Rockefeller told with joy how the patriarch gave corn to the people, taking first their money, then their crops, their lands, and finally themselves. He was more enthusiastic

over the occupancy of the land. "Joseph allowed them to occupy the lands even after they had traded them for their corn. They simply paid him rent, and became tenants instead of landlords. Surely, that was generous!" Point of view makes such a difference in a case of this sort.



1906 IN THE DRESS OF 1846.

In a village near Valetta dwell a wealthy Maltese family who follow the fashions of sixty years ago. The idiosyncrasy is accounted for in numerous ways, but the general belief is that an eccentric will has most to do with it.





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A PRINCE WHO IS SAID TO HAVE ISSUED UNAUTHORISED BANKNOTES.

Prince Albert Ghika, who is desirous of emancipating Albania, recently defended an action brought against him by the Roumanian Government. It was alleged that he had prepared and circulated notes on a future bank of Albania.



A FARMER WHO WAS ATTACKED FOR MUZZLING HIS OXEN.

Certain villagers recently accused one of their number, the Breton farmer, Frémy, whose photograph we give, of Atheism, on the ground that he defied the Scriptures by muzzling his oxen, and, not content with mere accusation, vented their feelings by wrecking his house. They referred, of course, to "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."



A LIVING ROULETTE-TABLE: M. VERZBOLOVIL.

According to a Russian newspaper, M. Verzbolovil's hair, which is usually grey, assumes at times a reddish tint, and becomes bright red when he is excited. As the colour of the hair varies continually, M. Verzbolovil's friends are wont to bet on the colour it will be at a given moment.



MOSCOW'S ONLY LADY CABMAN: VARVARA SMOLIANOFF.

Our photograph shows the only woman licensed to drive a cab in Russia. Her father lost his life while trying to save that of a sergeant of police, and the authorities transferred his license to his eighteen-year-old daughter by way of recognition of his bravery.



AN ARCHWAY AVOIDED BY DISHONEST, SUPERSTITIOUS MEN.

According to a popular superstition, every hundredth dishonest man who passes through the archway here shown meets with a fatal accident before the day is out. It is said that the hooligan and criminal classes of Nijni Novgorod, where it is situated, are superstitious enough to avoid passing through it whenever possible.



A POSTAGE STAMP WHICH CAUSED A RIOT.

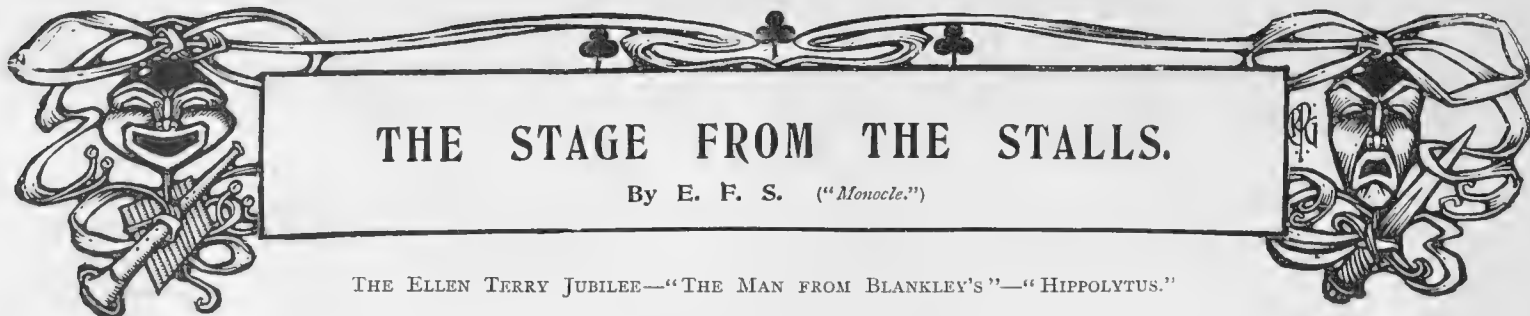
A correspondent in the West Indies states that the design of this Nelson Centenary stamp is so much disliked by the inhabitants of Barbados that many of them refused at first to accept the issue, and demanded the old type of stamp. When this was denied them, they proceeded to break windows. The palm-trees, regarded as absurd, caused the trouble.



GEORGEOUS VESTMENTS TO BE WORN AT PRINCESS ENA'S MARRIAGE.

The vestments worn by the officiating clergy at the marriage of Princess Ena and King Alfonso will be both magnificent and historical. Our illustration shows vestments of the fifteenth century, now on view at Toledo Cathedral, which will play a part in the picturesque and elaborate ceremony in question.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE—"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S"—"HIPPOLYTUS."

A CURIOUS coincidence that the two most popular actresses of my time have been called Ellen—Ellen Terry and Ellen Färrén—and that both were born in the same year: the most popular, but in vastly different spheres. The one has gone, though her memory is still green among the devotees of the Gaiety; whilst the other at the present moment is delighting audiences at the Court Theatre by a fascinating performance, and, despite the fact that the jubilee of her appearance on the stage is at hand, is still far from being threatened with relegation to "old woman" parts. This fact to a great extent explains the popularity unrivalled in our times, for her defiance of the hour-glass of Time is due to an amazing, almost incredible vitality and an unsurpassable charm. The vitality is not more remarkable than that of her great admirer, Sarah Bernhardt, who is three years her senior, and in some respects indisputably a more amazing actress. Yet, after all, charm occupies in relation to the other qualities the position of charity to the Christian virtues. Others may have been alleged by the critical to possess a higher degree of technical skill than Miss Terry, or a greater gift for merging personality in character; but none have so completely conquered our

"The Man from Blankley's" is a play which will take a long time to become out of date, and though, on general principles, revivals are things to be regretted, Mr. Harrison at the Haymarket has done well to return to this delightful little comedy. Mr. Anstey's caricatures are brutal, but they fascinate. He has a wonderful power of reminding us of people we must have met. On cross-examination one could not point to any Gabriel Gilwattle, or Jeremiah Ditchwater, or Mr. Poffley, but we know by instinct that they exist somewhere, in strata of society a comfortable distance below that in which we move, whichever it may be. There is instilled into every man or woman in the audience a subtle, pleasant feeling that he or she is in the position of the young peer, or the governess fit to mate with a peer, who look round on the assembled curiosities with a politely veiled amusement and contempt; while those (if any) too humble to aspire to sympathy with a lord can at any rate share the superiority of the butler hired for the evening. Thus it happens that "The Man from Blankley's" is a very soothing little play, with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, a perfect model of easy grace and humour, moving in a gallery of perfect snobs. Miss Dagmar Wiehe brings much freshness and charm to the part of Marjory Seaton, the little governess; Mr. Weedon Grossmith

Mr. Poffley (Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald), Miss Marjory Seaton (Miss Dagmar Wiehe).

Lord Strathpeffer (Mr. Charles Hawtrey).

Dawes (Mr. A. Playfair).

Mrs. Montague Tidmarsh (Miss Fanny Brough).

Mr. Gilwattle (Miss Gwynne Herbert), Mrs. Ditchwater (Miss Alice Mansfield).

Mr. Nathaniel Bodfish (Mr. H. Laurent), Miss Bugle (Miss C. Ewell).



Miss Cecilia Flinders (Miss Maud Wynter).

Mr. Toomer (Mr. Welton Dale).

Mrs. Bodfish (Miss Lydia Rachel).

Mr. Montague Tidmarsh (Mr. Weedon Grossmith).

Mrs. Gilwattle (Miss Alice Mansfield).

Mr. Jeremiah Ditchwater (Mr. E. Holman Clark).

THE GREAT DINNER-SCENE IN "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

audiences, and rendered them so absolutely sympathetic with her that they have wept with her in her sorrow and rejoiced in her gaiety. Who can say more? An individual author may complain that a character as imagined by him is not exactly the character as represented by her; but to him one may apply, with a modification, Turner's repartee—"Don't you wish it were?" My own recollections only go back to the Pauline at the Lyceum in 1879, though she joined the company in December 1878 and appeared with Irving as Ophelia. What an astonishing array of triumphs since then! What a noteworthy fact, too, that after that theatre closed its doors upon its famous record she should have embarked upon a class of drama untouched between 1878 and the end of Irving's memorable reign at the Lyceum—drama such as "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," to say nothing of the courageous experiment with "The Vikings." It would be interesting to know which of her performances has been the most popular. I fancy that if a vote were taken Olivia and Beatrice would divide honours, and yet her Portia remains the Portia for all of us. Nevertheless, both of the Shaksperian heroines have been played by her triumphantly during the last year or so. In referring to the modern drama I had forgotten her remarkable performance in Miss St. John's powerful play, "The Good Hope." As surely as Irving's name will stand out as representing the actors of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, her name will remain to future times as the English actress of the same and of a somewhat later period.

finds in Montague Tidmarsh a character exactly suited to his style, and Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, and Mr. Arthur Playfair repeat successfully their admirably humorous performances of five years ago.

The other revival of the week took place at the Royal Court Theatre, where Professor Murray's translation of the "Hippolytus," after a successful series of matinées, went for a fortnight into the evening bill. Of the three Euripidean plays which Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have given us this is by common consent by far the most effective as drama; two years ago it came as a revelation of the tragic power of simple grandeur, and its wonderful appeal to the emotions has, if anything, gained in force by repetition. The death scene of Hippolytus is full of difficulties for a modern actor on the stage of to-day. He has to carry on a fairly lengthy dialogue with the goddess Artemis, and with Theseus, each taking alternate lines; but with Mr. Henry Ainley, who now plays the part, all difficulties seem to disappear. The rhymed verse seems his natural mode of expression, and he plays the scene with a dignity, a beauty, and a pathos which even his own fine performances on other occasions hardly led one to expect. Mr. William Haviland makes a powerfully vigorous Theseus; Mr. Barker delivers the speech describing the catastrophe with all his old brilliance, and Miss Edyth Olive's Phædra is again a wonderful study of horror and despair, though I fancy it would be improved if she could resist more firmly the tendency to chant the verse.



*"This Dutch Boy on the Ran-Dan Goes."*



MISS GERTIE MILLAR SINGING "ROTTERDAM" IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

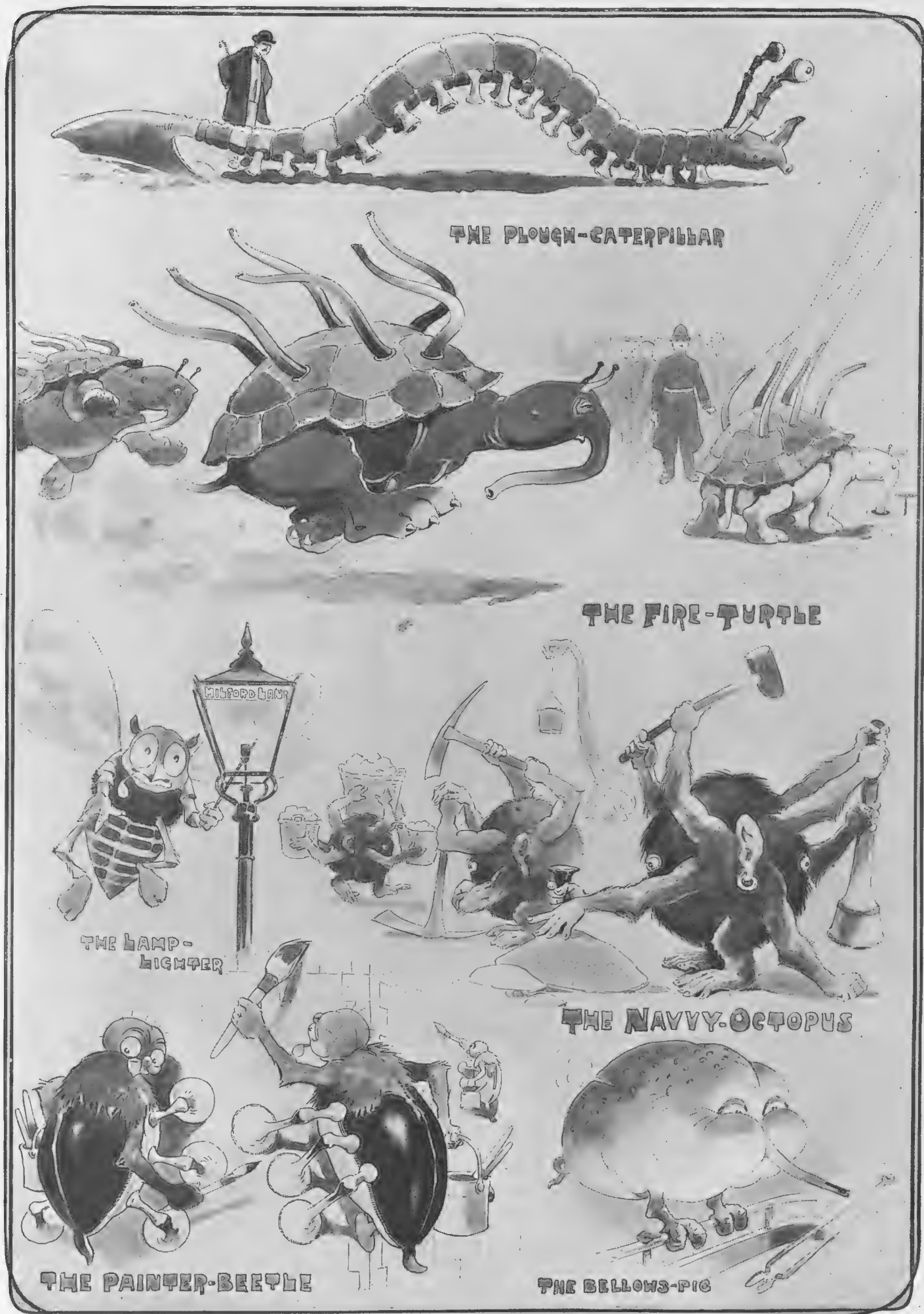
"Every evening when my work is done, . . . . . After every pretty girl I run,  
Then this Dutch boy on the ran-dan goes; . . . . . In her bonnet and her big sabots."

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.*



## IF SCIENCE COULD CREATE BEASTS:

SUGGESTIONS FOR LABOUR-SAVING ANIMALS.



Professor Ostwald, of Leipzig University, is of opinion that before very many years have passed science will be in a position to create a form of life as advanced as that of our domestic animals. "Why not, then," he asks, "create forms of animal life capable of doing many of the things which only human beings can do to-day? By specialising, it may be possible, for instance, to create a type of animal capable of doing the heavy work of the world—creatures of vast physical strength coupled with a higher form of intelligence than has been evolved as yet in any animal excepting man."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



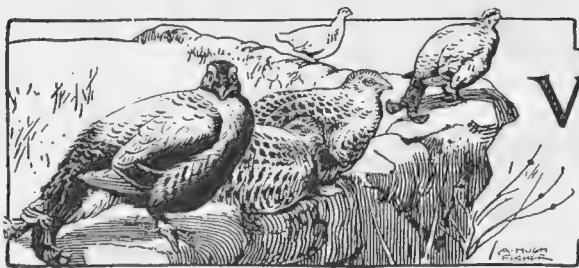
THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.



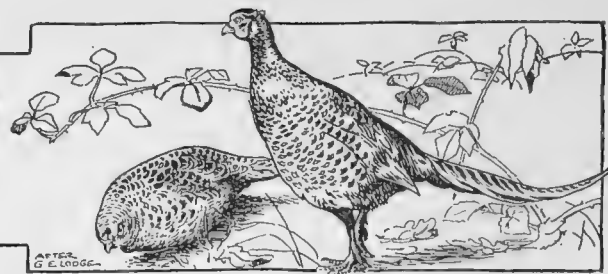
"PRENEZ GARDE!"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





## WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

### *A Move to Abolish Some Bad Sports.*

I note that the Humanitarian League is promoting a Bill to deal finally with certain forms of sport that few people will miss. The carted stag, the trapped pigeon, and the coursed rabbit will, if the League should succeed, become memories of the past, and ugly memories at that; like baited bull or badger, or the plucked goose to which Sir John Falstaff refers so feelingly in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." If we cannot always think that the Humanitarian League is acting with discretion, there can be scarce a doubt that it is justified here, and for all its little outbursts of hysteria it will have the hearty good

### *Back to the Land: a Warning.*

The cry of "Back to the land" waxes louder year by year, but one cannot ignore the very sensible warning that was sounded by the *Times* in a recent issue. In the course of a leading article, attention was drawn to the unfortunate fact that very little is done to prepare our townfolk for a change of life. At present the average Cockney, however ill-paid, looks upon the town in which he was born or in which he lives much as a Highlander looks upon his native hills. To be sure, little Master Cockney and his sister have not lost the love of country that seems natural to us all, and they rejoice in their annual outing under the auspices of such splendid organisations as Pearson's Fresh Air Fund; but the average man and his wife would probably be bored to extinction by the silence and serenity of the country-side. They would turn in thought to their music-halls and public-houses, as the children of Israel are said to have turned to the flesh-pots of Egypt in the days when their diet was restricted to manna or quails. One of the chief causes of the rural exodus is to be found in the stories of town life that filter through to villages and fire the young blood with all manner of foolish but natural desires. If we are to send town-bred men and women to the land for the benefit of generations yet unborn, it will be necessary in the first place to educate them to a sense of interest in rural life and occupations, and secondly to devise some scheme for instilling a measure of variety into the life of the country-side.

### *The Cockney at Large.*

The town-bred man transplanted to the country-side is rather a pitiable object. I have watched him, so I know. He may not be averse from hard work. Sometimes a few weeks on the land may avail to make his slackened muscles tough and to brace him up to a surprising extent, but the song of lark or blackbird is an absurdly poor substitute for the music of the newsboys' cry—"All the winners"; and the beer or spirits of the local inn, carefully diluted for the sake of profit rather than for the promotion of temperance, can do little or nothing to satisfy his town-bred cravings. Moreover, the country dialect will in most cases sort ill with his own town twang, so that when he goes down to the village ale-house prepared for a friendly chat he cannot find the people whose misuse of His Majesty's English is quite on all fours with his own. He is neither able to understand nor to be understood, and even if perfect understanding were possible, he



THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND'S COUNTRY SEAT: RAYNHAM HALL, NORFOLK—THE WEST FRONT.

Raynham Hall was built for one Sir Roger Townshend in 1630 or thereabouts, and was designed by Inigo Jones.

Photograph by Charles Steele.

wishes of the majority of sportsmen in its present undertaking. No man with one ha'porth of decent feeling would go twice, of his own free will, to see rabbits coursed, and the shooting of trapped pigeons is as revolting a piece of butchery as any that disgraces the twentieth century. It is a fact that many men who pursue the carted stag and shoot the trapped pigeon will tell you in confidence that they are as often disgusted as pleased. But they do not care to protest, for a variety of reasons, though it is fairly safe to say that they will not give their strenuous opposition to legislation that serves to make protest unnecessary.

### *The Coming of the Cubs—and Their Food.*

The fox-cubs will be making their appearance in covert now, and hunting men will be doing their best to take such precautions as they may against the poaching that prevails at this season. In some parts of the country the cubs will have their eyes open and will be nearly ready to serve the poachers' purposes. It is an unfortunate fact that in a country where foxes are scarce, people who have some sense of responsibility are often reluctant to ask pertinent questions, and as long as young cubs are brought in, nobody thinks of wanting to know whence they come. Not a few hunting men believe that one must look to the importation of foxes for the real cause of mange, and think that a fox from the hills cannot thrive in the plains, and that a fox from the coast is bound to do badly in the Midlands. This may be so; but it is likely, at least, that feeding has as much to do with the matter as locality. It happens often that when young cubs are imported they are not properly fed. I have even heard of cooked meat being put down for them, while horseflesh and butcher's offal are frequently given at a time when Mother Fox, were she there, would be feeding her progeny on fresh young rabbits and the best poultry that neighbouring farmers forgot to shut up at night. Following hard in the footsteps of bad feeding comes the dreaded mange, which seems to taint all the countryside, because if you kill off every fox that shows a sign of the trouble and turn down a fresh lot, the new arrivals will inherit the disease. "Dig out every fox's earth," say the counsellors of perfection. "Find them all first," replies the practical man, who knows well enough that if you find nine and fail to see the tenth your work is wasted.



A SWEEP'S CART MADE FROM THE STATE COACH USED BY BYRON AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Our photograph shows the village sweep of Hucknall Torkard, where Byron was buried. His ramshackle cart was made from the state coach used by Byron.

Photograph supplied by C. F. Shaw.

could not be expected to take an interest in the matters that are dear to the yokel's heart. To him one expletive crop is much the same as another expletive crop. To him all the fruits of the field are as one, even in point of their colour, which is always sanguine. Small wonder, then, that a short sojourn upon the land more than suffices the Cockney, and that he declares his preference for town, despite all its shortcomings.



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HIS URGENT NEED.



THE WORTHY WITH THE PIPE (*calling after a friend*): Take your pretty face 'ome, you conceited puppy, an' don't show it to me. Give me a face with intelligence in it!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE KEEPER OF THE INN.

BY HERBERT SHAW.

WHEN Harold McKergow was twenty-three, he came into money—not much—and for a year or so he went a little wild. The technical term that young bloods use in conversation afterwards, when talking of this part of their existence, is “Years ago, you know, old chap, when I was flying . . .”

But McKergow was of stronger stuff than the average young blood, although that is going too far in front. Hard pressed for money at the end of his brief flight, he tried—something. It failed, of course. It was an incident, and no more, which was known only by his mother and two men.

It failed, and he went abroad. He worked like the very deuce. He returned, after weary years, with money, which was good, and a knowledge of the proper value of money, which was better. Also he was a strong man who was still a boy at heart, and he had cleared the past.

And he met Erica Marsden and loved her, as others did or had done.

It was not Erica Marsden's fault (and certainly not her desire) that her name had been coupled at times with different men, more especially with Harker, once a man about town (with a strange reputation) and now a wanderer, whom McKergow had known.

On a night McKergow went to her, told her, and asked her a question. McKergow, who knew a little about women by now, told himself that no woman had a right to hesitate to the point of indecision because a man went straightforward to her. Or rather, his thoughts went on, no man had a right to marry a woman who did hesitate because—

“Erica,” said he, “I love you. But I am going away, because you are not certain of yourself.”

She did not think these words strange, because she also knew him a little.

“I have had a better training than you,” he went on. “God knows I love you, Erica, but there can be no love that shall be love with one alone. One moment, as it is now, you have all the will in the world to love me. The next, you are not quite certain of yourself.”

“Where are you going?” she asked him.

“I shall be away six months. But I will leave you an address and send to you as I change it. If at any time you care to write, expect me home the next day, or the next. Good-bye,” he said, and shook hands gravely.

He went first to Dieppe. Drawn by Mont St. Michel Rock, whose memory he loved, he came slowly down the coast. Two months of the time had gone when he came to Avranches; three when he reached the Hôtel de l'Europe, in Pontorson, and settled there, an Englishman by himself, but far from lonely.

He was very fond of Pontorson—the long straggling street; at the bottom the bridge over the leaden water where the women beat out their clothes of evenings, the Lombardy poplars stretching out to Dol from where Pontorson's houses ended; and, six miles away, on another road, the wonderful, beautiful rock. No man, they say, born within sight of Chanctonbury Ring, in Sussex, ever leaves his county for long. The same must be true of the people in the country round St. Michel, or I like to believe that it is true.

After a sturdy walk back along the road from the rock, McKergow swung into the courtyard one evening as Monsieur Bouvard was pulling the bell-rope for dinner. In the Hôtel de l'Europe the bell-rope hangs idly down the wall. It is a small, quiet place, with few visitors at this season, and McKergow had never troubled to get home in proper time for dinner.

M'sieu Bouvard was all smiles. “There is an Englishman here,” said he.

“Indeed,” said McKergow.

“He came just after you had gone,” said Bouvard.

“Oh,” said McKergow, and went into the house.

Directly he was over the threshold his mind ran queerly. What a

nuisance that bell was, clanging like that; it was exactly like . . . a tolling bell.

M'sieu Bouvard had not brought in the lamps. The room was dim. McKergow said “Good evening” and sat down, feeling awkward. Presently M'sieu Bouvard brought in the lamps and placed them on the table. As he was shifting them to his liking, McKergow found his eyes after the time in the black dark. “Harker!” he cried.

“Hullo!” said the other. “Why, it's McKergow. A funny meeting, if you like.”

The door had shut behind M'sieu Bouvard. “It is rather,” laughed McKergow, matter-of-fact once more. “Where have you been?”

“Everywhere, I fancy—anywhere and everywhere. But I've always had a liking for this place, and I thought I would put in a fortnight before I went home.”

McKergow, who had never liked Harker even in the old days, was conscious of relief at this. “You're going back soon, then?” said he.

“I am. And you? I haven't seen you for years. Not since —”

Just then M'sieu Bouvard came in, followed by his daughter Clotilde, who was carrying dishes.

Somehow it interrupted the conversation.

In the week that followed, McKergow's dislike of his companion remained at a fixed point. At least, it never lessened. Harker's presence irritated him. It may have been that he did not care for any man or shadow to blur his thinking of Her. He had made up his mind for loneliness, and Harker's coming had spoiled it.

He never showed this, of course. They went long walks together, and they cycled on rickety machines procured from the local store. They loafed in the village during all one market day, and Harker made little sketches. Certainly, Harker should not have worried McKergow very much, for he talked but seldom. McKergow's great comfort at this time consisted of this, that he was quite confident of his own end in the matter of Erica, waiting in England. He knew that she would send for him. A big comfort this, too, so straight and white he pictured her always—as, indeed, she was. When he had written to her he had only sent his change of address, as he had told her. He had not needed to do even that now for a long time.

One morning, Harker happened to come down before McKergow, which was out of the usual run of things. This made all the difference in the world, for the letter lay beside McKergow's plate. If he had come down first he would have pocketed it at once, or read it at once, although he would have known what was in it.

As it was, he came down to breakfast late, said “Good morning” to Harker, and took up the letter carefully. Harker looked at him queerly. At breakfast, “I seemed to know that writing, McKergow,” said Harker.

McKergow of the singing heart said curtly, “Indeed!”

Harker, no way put out, said, “Yes. Do you mind telling me if I am wrong? It was Erica Marsden's writing?”

“It was.” McKergow was quite calm against the overwhelming sense that something was going to happen. “I am going home to-day to marry her, as soon as possible.”

“Do you know,” said Harker, “I was going home for that?” His voice was level, but McKergow could stand it no longer. He rapped out, “By God, Harker, she's mine!” and they faced each other squarely.

They finished breakfast without anything further. It was a strange meal.

Of course, McKergow did not go home that day, or the next. Instead, oppressed by a great fear, he wrote a letter to her.

“I know you will understand my writing to you like this. Was there anything between you and Roland Harker years ago?”

While he waited for an answer to this, he suffered. Harker and he avoided each other; they had their meals at different times. One would wait in his room upstairs till he had heard the other go out.

[Continued overleaf.]



OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



III.—TICKLING FOR THE BANDICOOT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

*N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.*

M'sieu Bouvard did not seem to notice anything strange in this. Only once, when Harker, just going out, turned on the threshold for something, he found the landlord grinning openly at what should have been his back. It was an ugly grin, and Harker, on the point of angry speech, stared at M'sieu Bouvard. M'sieu Bouvard stared back, with interest.

Harker's eyes dropped first, and he went out puzzled. "Now where on earth," said Harker to himself, "have I seen that face before I came here?"

If Harker had looked back he would have seen that M'sieu Bouvard had advanced to the doorway and stood watching his going.

"There was nothing whatever; I do not want to see him again. And when may I expect you here?"

Two lines from the letter in reply. It came in the morning, and McKergow, once more at peace, finished his breakfast and waited deliberately. Harker, tired of waiting upstairs to hear him go out, came down at last.

"Harker," said McKergow, "I'm going home first thing to-morrow. I waited, because I thought you might have a claim upon her of which I did not know. You haven't. I'm going home. I am not sure, if her answer had been different, that I would have let her be married to a sweep like you."

"Oh, that's your opinion, is it?" said Harker.

"It has been my opinion," said McKergow, "for about thirteen years."

Harker's face was not nice at this moment. Rage took him, and at first he gulped rather than spoke. "I think I can hit back," he said. "It's just about thirteen years—since there was a certain business with a cheque. You had to go abroad afterwards."

"Well," said McKergow, "I don't defend myself to you, but I've always been straight with women. And I've worked the other out. There wasn't much in it, after all. It's not going to hurt me now."

"I shall write and tell her—that's all," said Harker.

At this McKergow's mind was a mill-race of swift, clear thinking. He would not have her know this, this old transgression against the code. He had fought that fairly down, and he would not have her think differently of him now, as such a woman was bound to do—if she knew. When he spoke his voice rose a little, but it was not in temper, for he was holding himself splendidly.

"Before God, Harker," he cried, "if you tell her I will kill you."

At a slight noise both men looked up. It was M'sieu Bouvard who stood in the open doorway, bringing in Harker's chocolate.

McKergow sat long, thinking, at the foot of the great gilt cross upon the rock. The bright early morning had changed, and the afternoon was of thin, insistent rain. He went down the steps and leaned his elbows on the wall, looking far below him and around at the sullen sands and sea. At a time of any moment McKergow was all for smoking, and he had smoked incessantly since the encounter with Harker in the morning. He had been to Poulard's for lunch, but he had eaten nothing. Presently he was swinging back in the dusk along the deserted, rain-swept road with the same drumming thought. She should know nothing to lessen her idea of him.

In the black passage to the common-room he bumped against a man.

"Oh, is that you,

McKergow?" said the sneering voice, and on the answer came the challenge, "I shan't be long. I'm just going out to post a letter."

"Come in here," said McKergow at once, and felt his way into the room. It was quite dark, but neither troubled about a light.

"You're writing to Erica?" McKergow was strung to the topmost pitch, but perfectly resolute.

"I am."

"The letter you spoke of?"

"Yes."

"You're not to send that letter."

"On the contrary," said Harker, "I'm just going out with it."

"Give it to me," commanded McKergow.

"I'm posting it, you fool, I tell you!" reiterated Harker.

"I'm fighting," said McKergow simply. "Ready?"

"Quite," sneered Harker, and the next moment the blood was running from McKergow's face—Harker's ring.

No man could have stood against McKergow then, after his lonely walk, and the mastering thought, and the blow to crown all. He struck twice, blindly and fiercely and hard. Harker fell.

McKergow knelt down and went systematically through his pockets in the dark till his fingers closed upon the letter. He stood upright, and his only thought was that the dark was getting irksome. Then there was a blinding light behind him; the room sprang suddenly to day, and he turned to see M'sieu Bouvard in the doorway, a lighted lamp in his hand.

The landlord put the lamp on the table, slowly and carefully as usual, shifting it to its accustomed place. Not till then did he kneel down. Harker's head had struck the open hearthstone.

"He's dead," said M'sieu Bouvard calmly.

"Yes," said McKergow wearily. "What are you going to do?"

"Bury him," said Bouvard quietly, and it woke McKergow up.

"What's that?" he shouted, in a whirl.

"Look you," said Bouvard. "He's dead, Monsieur McKergow. He's dead, the pig. He did not know me, but I knew him at once. When I was at Auray, years ago, he stayed with me. There was something with my daughter, Monsieur, my daughter Anna, whom you have never seen, and afterwards . . . he went away in the night and never wrote to her. It killed my wife . . . and my daughter walks in Paris. Who knows him?—he had no friends. We will bury him, you and I. He has gone away in the night again, to wander somewhere else. I had a score with him that you have paid, and we are alone in the house, we two."

So McKergow went home. The past is no trouble to him, for he believed himself justified, and that night he dropped the past behind him altogether. The rest is in the garden of the Hôtel de l'Europe, and with M'sieu Bouvard, who nightly prays for a sinning daughter, for McKergow (though he does not need it), and for the everlasting peace of his dead wife. And sometimes, though this is seldom, he adds a very little prayer for the peace of Harker's soul.

THE END.

#### FROM NONSENSE LAND.



THE VILLAGE DENTIST.

The children coming home from school  
Stop at the open door;

They love to see the dentist dent,  
And hear the patients roar.

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WILL the force of Mr. Barrie's example revive the vogue of the triple bill? To-morrow evening will probably go a long way towards answering the question, for Mr. Charles Frohman will produce such an entertainment at the Comedy, two of the three plays being by the author whom it is no exaggeration to describe as the most uniformly successful dramatist of the day. One of Mr. Barrie's plays is "Punch," in which Mr. Dion Boucicault will play the name-part, with Miss Eva Moore as Judy, and Mr. Arthur Eldred

and Mr. A. E. Anson in the two other parts, one of which is called Superman. The second play is a revue in three scenes, entitled "Josephine." It is remarkable for the fact that the title-rôle will be played by Mr. Dion Boucicault, thus introducing a man under a woman's name on the stage of the West End. Can this be a subtle result of the influence of Shakspeare in the modern theatre? In "Josephine," Mr. Boucicault will again be associated with Miss Eva Moore, in addition to Miss Mabel Hackney and Miss Grace Lane; while the men's parts will be taken by Mr.

in his original part, and Miss Sybil Carlisle has been engaged to play her original part of the heroine. Mr. Eille Norwood joins the company to play the character "created" by Mr. Allan Aynesworth, while Miss Ada Ferrar will follow Miss Fanny Coleman as Lady Harburgh. The other parts will be played by Mr. G. M. Graham, Mr. Charles Maude, Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. King Fordham, Mr. Horace Layton, and Miss Madge Titheradge. Next Monday Mr. Maude will put "Shore Acres" into rehearsal in its English dress, so that it will be ready whenever it may be required.

To-morrow evening many people will no doubt journey to the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, in order to see Mr. Arthur Symons's play, "The Fool of the World," and Lady Barclay's translation of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's "La Révolte," which will be produced by the new Stage Club. The programme will also be repeated on Saturday.

Next Monday will be an important evening in the annals of Birmingham's theatricals, for that city and that day have been chosen by Mrs. Patrick Campbell for her return to the stage. Her reappearance will be made in Mr. Henry Melville's English version of M. Bernstein's play "La Rafale," under the title of "The Whirlwind." In this she will have for her chief associates Mr. Scott Buist and Mr. Oscar Adye. Mrs. Campbell will visit several of the leading provincial towns, and it is hoped that she will be able before long to arrange to come to London with her new play, in which, it will be remembered, Madame Simone Le Bary made so great a success both in Paris and at the Royalty.

THE NEW ARISTIDE VERT: MR. HENRY A. LYTTON IN "THE LITTLE MICHSUS."

Mr. Lytton succeeded Mr. Louis Bradfield, who is now appearing in "The Little Cherub."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



"MR. DAISIEST DAISY": MISS DECIMA BROOKE.

Miss Brooke, who is appearing at the London Coliseum, made her first appearance in "The Exile," at the Royalty, when she was ten years old.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Kenneth Douglas, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and Mr. Graham Browne, three of the best comedians in their respective lines on the stage, in addition to Mr. Frederick Volpé, Mr. Louis Calvert, and Mr. Matheson Lang. It will be noticed that although Mr. Gerald Du Maurier and Mr. H. V. Esmond were announced as members of the company, they will not act in either of the plays. The third play is "The Drums of Oudh," by Mr. Austin Strong, the principal parts of which will be acted by Miss Mabel Hackney, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and Mr. Lang.

The announcement of the names of Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman, who produce "Mauricette," introduces another American management to the West End. During the current week there are under the clock of the chief daily papers, twenty theatres. Of these, five are already openly, and a sixth is about to be, associated with American enterprise. The chief place naturally belongs to Mr. Charles Frohman, who is, either alone or in association with the English managers, in control of the Duke of York's, the Aldwych, and the Comedy, and will be associated with Mr. Bouchier at the Garrick when Mr. Sutro's play is produced; then come the Messrs. Shubert, who have the Waldorf; Mr. T. W. Ryley, who has the Shaftesbury, and Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman at the Lyric. Incidentally, there are under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman certain companies playing in the provinces. Indeed, there is little doubt that he has more English actors engaged than any English manager.

Although in the course of his exceedingly successful career no performance of Mr. Cyril Maude's has been more unanimously or more enthusiastically praised than his Dr. Pangloss, in "The Heir at Law," the play has not attracted the public. Recognising this, Mr. Maude will remove it from the bill on Friday, and on Saturday will revive Captain Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command," which had a good run at the Haymarket. He will, of course, appear



"ARRY WILKINS" POSES TO A PHOTOGRAPHER: MR. BERT GILBERT IN "THE FLOOD," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

first four days, but, to make up for the short time, it will be given twice a day. The production, as heretofore, will be under the direction of Mr. William Poel. Unlike what happened when it was produced at the Shaftesbury a few months ago, but in conformity with what may be regarded as the custom of Mr. Poel's productions, the names of the representatives of the different characters are not given.

Again, next Sunday, the King's Hall, Covent Garden, will be the scene of an interesting production, for the Incorporated Stage Society will produce Brieux's "Maternité" in an English translation which has been made by Mrs. Bernard Shaw. As the play comes with a great reputation from Paris, its performance, which will be repeated on Monday and Tuesday, will no doubt attract large audiences.

The fact that Miss Violet Vanbrugh has been suffering from influenza has caused the postponement of her appearance in "Monsieur de Paris" until this afternoon, when Alicia Ramsey's and Rudolph de Cordova's play will follow "Brother Officers," as it will likewise do for the rest of the week. The parts originally acted by Mr. Mark Kinghorne, Mr. Henry Vibart, and Mrs. Leigh will be played by Mr. Charles V. France, Mr. Julian L'Estrange, and Miss Madge Johnston.

The extraordinary favour with which "Everyman" has been received has induced Mr. Arthur Bouchier to secure it for the Garrick during Holy Week. It can, however, be acted only for the

# KEY-NOTES

SIR HUBERT PARRY'S "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" has evidently come to stay. Charming, written, countersigned by a strong sense of humour, full of vitality, it is a work which must appeal not only to the technical musician, but also to the amateur. In this score, as it seems to the present writer, Sir Hubert realises his own personality in quite an extraordinary way. There was a time when one might have thought that he attempted certain work which was alien to his nature. In "The Pied Piper," however, we find the real musician—one may say, the real master. When the work was produced at Norwich, the present writer spoke of it in these columns in high praise; we are glad to observe that the praise given on the occasion of its first production has been altogether justified by later interpretations of the work. The reproduction given a few days ago at the Queen's Hall by the London Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Fagge, proved this point completely. On the whole, the performance may be described as excellent, although the extraordinary vitality which is shown in Parry's composition was possibly not brought forward in quite its completeness. The chorus was excellent, although at times one might have wished for greater union among the various singers. Nevertheless, the work was more than well worth hearing again, if for this reason only, that one was impressed by the extraordinary cleverness which goes to make up Sir Hubert Parry's score.

On the occasion of the same concert, Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah" was given. Although one recognises fully that this composition is not particularly original, and that Saint-Saëns has largely depended upon the work of other and greater men for the final result embodied in his score, one at the same time understands thoroughly that he is, from a technical point of view, a very fine musician, and that the brilliance of his intelligence is never to be denied. His "Henry VIII." was an extraordinary work of its kind, even though it has already passed into the oblivion of artistic night. His "Samson," however, seems to live in public favour, and really there are many pages which are quite charming, despite their lack of originality. The choir sang well; and Miss Rosa Olitzka, in the part of Delilah, was excellent, although at times she seemed to be just a little out of voice. In that famous song, "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," she was much applauded, for she is indeed a public favourite. Mr. W. Brearley sang the part of Samson quite well, and the concert may generally be described as having been an artistic success.

The London Symphony Orchestra gave, a few days ago, a delightful concert, conducted by Richter. Mr. Arthur W. Payne was, of course, the principal violin, and the band was altogether in its best form. Richter, who, it seems to the present writer, grows more wonderful in his catholicity of thought as he grows older, conducted Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" with an intimacy of

knowledge and with an absolute sense of the modern things in music that simply amazed one. Many a man in the course of his career as a musician, whether he be conductor or composer, halts at a certain period and has no feeling for the future. Richter, however, is always with the ideas which are progressing through the world in the art of music; one of the greatest of Wagnerian conductors, he now stands to the fore as one of the greatest of Strauss conductors. The final movement, for example, of this symphony was played under Richter's direction with nothing less than a dominant sense of genius. Richter's knowledge of the score was clearly proved in every point. Yet it is not a little strange that this wonderful man is utterly incapable of conducting works

by such men as Handel and Purcell. The concert finished with Wagner's Overture to "Tannhäuser." Here, of course, Richter was altogether at home, and the work went with immense spirit and with a singular sense of poetry. This concert finished the season given by the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall.

The ever-growing popularity of John Sebastian Bach is proved by the fact that the Bach Choir will celebrate its thirtieth London season by a festival of two concerts, which will be conducted by Dr. Walford Davies at the Queen's Hall. The great Mass in B minor is to be given on the occasion of the second concert, and no fewer than two hundred and fifty singers are to come from Oxford to lend their aid to the Bach Choir. It is curious to remember that some thirty years ago the first performance of this magnificent and amazing work, of which probably the "Sanctus" is the most glorious number, was given in England under the baton of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. On that occasion his wife, Jenny Lind, took part in the chorus. It must have been an extraordinary, and one may almost say unique, festival, when a singer of such universal reputation chose to deny herself the advantages of a soloist. Two of Bach's Church Cantatas will figure in the

Bach Choir programme, and the Concerto for Two Violins is to be played by Miss Isabel Watts and Miss Eldreda Watts:

The Gramophone Company has just issued some new records of very great interest indeed. Signor Scotti's singing of the Prologue to Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" is a very beautiful specimen of a remarkable work. M. Plançon is magnificently represented by his singing of "Le Lac." Madame Celestina Buoninsegna is splendidly represented in Verdi's famous air from "Aïda," "O Patria Mia," with an accompaniment by Signor Carlo Sabaino; the voice rings through the instrument with peculiar quality and distinction. Of course there are many who think that mechanical instruments are not suited for artistic uses; in this case, however, one may remind the public that in the reproduction of the voice there is nothing mechanical whatever, and that one simply listens to the actual notes, to the absolute art of the singer whose record is taken.

COMMON CHORD.



MR. ALBERT SPALDING, THE YOUNG AMERICAN VIOLINIST, IN THE MUSIC-ROOM OF HIS FATHER'S PALACE ON THE ARNO, ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF TALLEYRAND.

Mr. Spalding had great success recently at Florence, where he played at a concert in the Pergola Theatre. On the same occasion Saint-Saëns conducted several of his own compositions, and was associated with the young violinist in his sonata for violin and piano. Mr. Spalding's father owns a palace on the Arno which was once the residence of Talleyrand.

Photograph by Alinari, Florence.





ANOTHER SIX-CYLINDER: THE HUMBER—BRIEF CHASSIS DETAILS: A WELL-CONSIDERED PRODUCTION—SAFETY IN SCREENS—A NON-SKID TYRE, NOT A NON-SKID BAND: A COOL-RUNNING TYRE—OFFENSIVE EXHAUSTS.

THAT well-known firm, Messrs. Humber and Co., have not been long in following the lead of Messrs. Napier and Co., and the trend of British taste in the more expensive cars. Cordingley's exhibition last week was remarkable for, amongst other things, the first appearance on any stage of the 30-40 horse-power six-cylinder Humber, the output of the Beeston works and their responsible engineer, an Englishman with a long French automobile training. The chassis, which only arrived in the show in the early part of last week, exhibits all that refinement of finish and attention to completeness in detail which we have long learned to expect in anything issuing from the Beeston works of Messrs. Humber and Co. In days gone by, a Beeston-Humber bicycle meant everything that was super-excellent in a bicycle, and this reputation, still retained in connection with the humanly propelled machine, is being jealously maintained by the later automobile productions. No one can doubt this who knew the firm's bicycles of old, know them now, and examined the six-cylinder Humber last week at Islington.

A few facts with regard to this admirable chassis may have some interest for those who did not reach the Agricultural Hall during the late show. The six cylinders, which are 100 mm. by 100 mm.—that is,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in.—are cast and bolted separately to the crank chamber. The water-jackets are ample, and careful consideration has been given to the effective cooling of the exhaust-valve chambers. Unlike any other six-cylinder at present before the public, the engine is controlled by varying the lift of the inlet valves in manner similar to the four-cylinder Germain—to my mind, when properly done, a more effective, more graduated, and sweeter method of control than any other. It needs, of course, the most perfect synchronisation of lift in each valve, and in the six-cylinder Humber this, of course, is completely attained. A light, self-contained friction-clutch, gear-shafts on ball bearings, spring-drive in differential gear-box, which is split horizontally to give easy access to the bevel-gearing, are special features. Ball thrust bearings are fitted to both sides of the crown wheel, and to the driving bevel-pinion. I note that 875 by 105, and 880 by 120 Dunlop tyres are from actual trial recommended for this car.

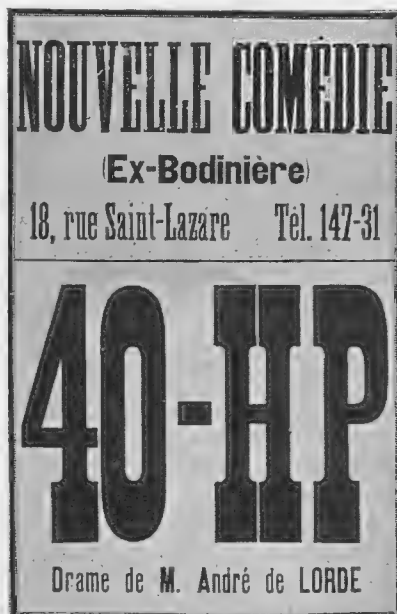
Front dashboard-screens and a pent Cape-cart hood are a combination which is rapidly coming into favour for those who desire adequate protection against our most uncertain clime, with a car which can be driven by its owner in the same way as a dog-cart or trap. At last week's show several new and excellent ideas in front screens were shown, but not one which to my mind brought the wind-shield near enough to the faces of the occupants of the front seat. At present there is only one dashboard wind-screen which does this quite adequately, and that is the Cromwell screen, made by those well-known coach and motor-body builders, Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, Old Bond Street, and Long Acre. The near approach of the perpendicular portion of the screen to the wheel quite obviates the distressing back-neck draught common to the straight screens.

Discussing this very subject of screens with a well-known West-End physician, who is just about to substitute automobiles for horses, a friend suggested that such things were very dangerous should an accident take place, and being without experience in this connection, I could hardly combat the point. But there are now hundreds of glass wind-screens in use, and no very terrible accident has been reported of them up to the present. However, should any fears be felt, accident can be avoided by the use of a safety process exhibited at the Hall. In the unsplinterable screen shown, two thin sheets of glass were used, and these were separated by a sheet of mica cemented between the sheets with Canada balsam. It was shown that a man might poke his head through such a screen without any risk of cutting and wounding.

It is greatly to be feared that road-construction will never make such advances as to render the use of non-skids unnecessary to motor-cars, nor does it appear probable that car-design is ever likely to eliminate the possibility of side-slip entirely. Consequently, non-skidding treads of some sort or another are an absolute necessity, and when buying a car one looks round for the most economical and most efficient provision against mishap. In this connection, the last non-skid to arrive is by no means least—indeed, for safety, wear, and all-round satisfaction it is easily first. I refer to the ingeniously contrived Michelin non-skids, which, once used, are always used.

In the Michelin non-skid the gripping surface consists of hardened steel rivets, set in a thick band of special unshorn leather, which band is, in a manner known only to the experts at Clermont Ferrand, where the Michelin tyres come from, vulcanised into the cover itself, causing it to be part and parcel of the tyre, and leaving the side walls of the cover of their usual thickness and flexibility. The result of this construction is that the cover carrying the Michelin non-skid does not heat up and deteriorate the inner tube, as do tyres that are wholly or partially enveloped by heavy, cumbrous, and ill-looking rivet-studded leather treads. Moreover, the wear of the Michelin non-skid tyres is phenomenal, and of this I have testimony every day.

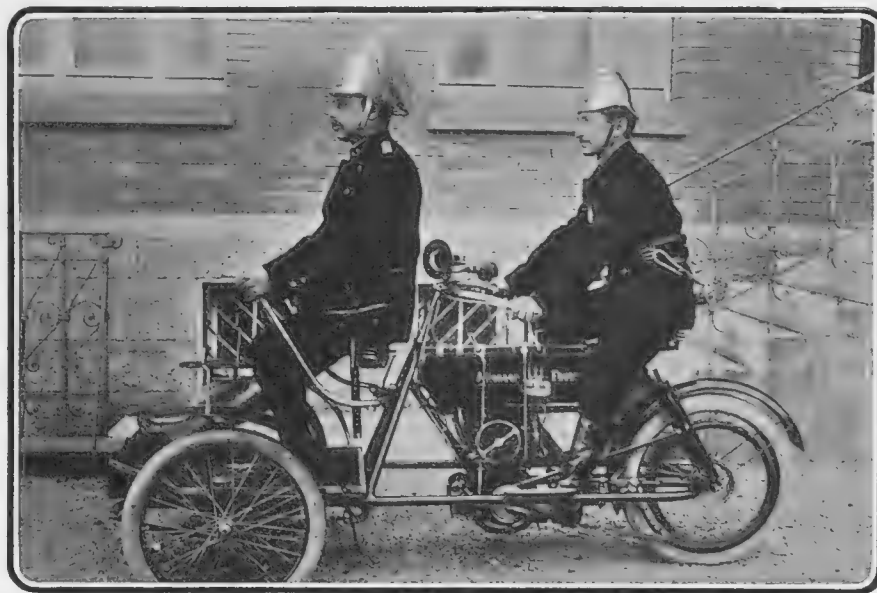
Motorists who take thought for the comfort and convenience of users of the road other than themselves would not be sorry to see stringent steps taken to punish those who drive in town and country alike vomiting an evil-smelling exhaust. In these days of perfected carburettors and pumped lubrication, the offence is rank, and not only smells to heaven, but is absolutely inexcusable. In nine cases out of ten the culprit is the professional driver, who offends out of sheer laziness and carelessness and a fine disregard for his master's oil-bills. Smoking at the exhaust is no sign of care in lubrication—quite the reverse; it means that the driver is regardless of sooting up his plugs and depositing thick carbon on his piston-heads and cylinder-walls.



MOTORING AND THE DRAMATIST: THE POSTER OF THE NEW PLAY "40-H.P."

The development of motoring has given France a "motor" drama. The motor-car has, of course, already figured in quite a number of plays and sketches, but "40-h.p." is probably the first play to have a "motor" title.

Photograph by Branger.



THE MOTOR-TRICYCLE IN THE SERVICE OF FIRE-FIGHTERS: THE MACHINE DESIGNED FOR THE CHIEF OF THE ALTONA BRIGADE.

First the motor fire-engine, then the motor fire-escape, now a motor-tricycle for firemen. The 3-h.p. motor-tricycle illustrated was built to the order of the chief of the fire brigade of Altona, near Hamburg. It is expected that it will materially hasten the appearance of the officer at fires, and that it will be widely imitated.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE KING'S 'CHASER—TELEGRAMS—TIC-TAC AND TELEPHONE—THE CITY.

IT is just on the cards that his Majesty the King will win the Grand National next year with his smart 'chaser Flaxman, by Heckler—Circe. He is six years old, and is an own brother to Old Fairyhouse. Unfortunately Flaxman has been off colour of late, but he is believed to be perfectly sound, and is trained in Ireland under the supervision of Mr. Lushington, who has ridden in the King's colours in welter flat races. Flaxman ran three times last year, winning on each occasion. He is a capital jumper, a good stayer, and goes fast. It is thought a remarkable fact that Irish horses trained in Ireland do not do as well on this side of the Channel as Irish horses trained in England. A notable exception is Ambush II., who won the Grand National once, and would, in my opinion, have done so a second time but for bungling at the last fence, which he tried to take in very sleepy fashion. His Majesty ran The Scot in the Grand National on March 28, 1884. Sad to relate, on the morning of this day the Duke of Albany died suddenly in the South of France, but the King did not receive the sad news until after the finish of the race. The Scot cut up badly, and was given to Lord Marcus Beresford. Two useful 'chasers to carry the royal colours were Hetty and Magic. I tried to buy the first-named. She won a trial over the Sandown course, and an enterprising tout saw the trial from the bottom of a ditch, all the horses engaged having to jump over him. Hetty was run in a steeplechase at the next Sandown meeting, and won easily. The jockey who rode named a little baby girl born to him about a week later, Hetty.

There seems to be a lot of bother about tic-tacking on the course, and I believe that the Stewards of the Jockey Club will not allow winners to be sent from Newmarket by this process. But the authorities must give way in the course of time, for in these days of enlightenment

attends the races. I am told that the revenue derived by the Post Office from private telegrams sent from the course in the early morning is infinitesimally small as compared with that of a decade back. In the old days the advertising tipster was a *persona grata*. It was almost impossible to get a question answered by him for less than a guinea fee, while his golden finals and special snips were telegraphed on the old shilling rate for private messages to thousands of clients all over the country. Now the halfpenny evening papers contain all the latest available information, including the arrivals and probable runners — information, by-the-bye, only known in the long ago to the bookies. The result is that the tipster finds his occupation a trying one. The chief business done in the early morning by the telegraph operators is in despatching messages to the newspapers, and it may be that even these will later on be despatched by telephone direct to the newspaper offices. Indeed, many papers have private telephones to the football grounds. Why should they not be allowed to have the same on to each of the racecourses?

The Lincoln Handicap is now dead and done for. The victory of Ob did not suit everybody, but I believe it was welcomed by many of the professional backers, who were on the good thing. Had Dean Swift won, the bookies would have caught it warm, while Roseate Dawn, who finished third, was backed for pounds, shillings, and pence by little backers all over the country. The result of the race strengthened the *Entente Cordiale*, and it is to be hoped that later on our owners will bring back one or two big prizes from France. But to the future. As I stated last week, Dean Swift has been made favourite on the Continental lists for the City and Suburban, another well backed being Ambition. The Dean is essentially a spring horse, and he has acted well before over the Epsom course, so he will not lack for a following. I have heard the best accounts of Ambition, who is the sole hope of the local people. This horse won the Jubilee last year, and he may be dubbed "classy." He has also run well over the Epsom course. Donnetta may be the chosen of R. Day's stable, and, as a recent trial-winner, must not be opposed. Holme Lacy ran fourth for the Lincoln Handicap, but it is a question whether he could stay the mile-and-a-quarter here. He is the best-looking horse I have seen for some time, and his second to Nabot, and again to Queen's Holiday at Ascot last year, would bear inspection. I am told that Lord Crewe, who used to own Polymelus, fancies this animal for the race. The four-year-old son of Cyllene—Maid Marion is bred to win races. He ran remarkably well last year. Polymelus is now owned by Mr. Faber, and is trained by Baker at Weyhill. A very likely animal to win, if delivered at the post fit and well, is St. Amant, whose Derby victory was no fluke, after all. He is now trained by Tom Cannon junior, at Garlogs, and is said to be thriving on his work. If I were called upon to tip for the race right off, I should divide my note between Dean Swift and Polymelus.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



FISH FOR THE IZAAK WALTONS OF THE THAMES: RESTOCKING THE RIVER WITH TROUT.

A number of young trout were recently liberated in the Thames for the benefit of fishermen generally. Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



THE ALASKAN MAIL: ELI A. SMITH AND HIS TEAM OF DOGS.

Our photograph shows a team of dogs employed to draw the Alaskan mail. Those who know Mr. Jack London's work will remember that a similar team figures in one of the best of his books, "The Call of the Wild."

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

enterprise will be served at all costs. If the bookmakers adopt the tic-tac, why should newspapers be debarred from using this means of getting away winners smartly? Telegraphing is a very slow process nowadays, and there is no earthly reason why telephones should not be erected on all racecourses for the benefit of everybody who



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

NAPOLÉON called the English a nation of shopkeepers. It was intended as a reproach, but, unfortunately for England, the reproach no longer applies. England is now a nation of footballers and cricketers as to its masses, a nation given over to bridge and racing as to its classes, and, generally speaking, a nation where the people who take "shopkeeping" seriously are the many of good family and small means who, within the last twenty years, have gone into trade, perceiving and profiting by its opportunities. One meets dozen of men and women who are making a living in one way or another, from Stock Exchange to stockings, whose forebears would have fainted at the thought just at the time when the great Corsican twitted the Saxon for a tradesman. Now it is the descendant of grocers who years after a cavalry regiment, and the "retired" retailer of ribbons who betakes himself to shires, send sons to the 'Varsity, subscribes to the hunt, and supports local charities. A topsy-turvy world indeed, and "mad" as ever Shakspeare found it.

To the chequered existence of the "shopkeeper," be he of blue blood or the most Radical red, a new terror has now been added by the recent decision of learned Judges upholding the right of a married woman to order goods as her husband's "agent," and should his financial horizon meanwhile become overcast, to avoid the responsibility of paying herself. In a word, what has been called "the lawless science of the law" is now clearly proved to protect the irresponsible and extravagant man or woman whose debts run into three or four figures, while coming down heavily on the insignificant debtor whose bills amount to less than £50.

It behoves people in trade, especially those who administer to lovely woman and her wants, to possess a very clear understanding of the Married Women's Property Act before supplying Paris hats and gowns, motors, sables, and other unconsidered trifles to the woman whose property is "settled," "restrained," or so tied up as to be untouchable by the unfortunate creditors who provide her luxuries.

It is easy to realise how disastrous the universal system of credit becomes for many under present conditions; yet everyone recognises that if credit were refused, customers would vanish. What, then, is the remedy? ask a dozen despairing modistes; and the only reply, pending a revised version of the law as it stands, would seem to be



AN EMPIRE EVENING GOWN OF SATIN AND LACE.



[Copyright.]

A NEW SPRING TAILOR-MADE.

that of the Parisian maestro who, similarly appealed to, said, "The price must be commensurate with the risk, and the honest must pay for the dishonest"—in itself somewhat doubtful morality, and distinctly unsatisfactory, moreover, to those who do keep within their incomes and the Commandments.

Talking of frocks and furbelows, Peter Robinson's Oxford Street shop was quite a parade ground of thrills and frills on Wednesday last, when at stated hours groups of gorgeously dressed "mannequins," or "human models"—as our more grossly expressed English has it—walked about the costume-rooms garbed in all the latest fashions of hat, gown, and parasol, for the edification of all and sundry who came and went. It reminded one more of the Terrace at "Monte" or the lawn at Ascot than of a London morning in March, and the costumes certainly deserved every admiring adjective that enthusiasm could apply to clothes. Some of us who go to Paris are accustomed

to see our frocks paraded on a demoiselle of magnificent proportions before we order them; but it was a bold and brilliant departure of Peter Robinson's to acclimatise the notion over here in such a wholesale manner for their customers' benefit. A *résumé* of the gowns and their glories would be far less interesting than a visit to inspect the same, and anyone who is in the process of considering new fashions may be whole-heartedly advised to inspect these at Peter Robinson's. A delightful little check tailor-made, with atoms of brilliant tartan silk at cuffs and bodice-front, was

[Copyright.]



like the *chic* little gown worn by Miss Marie Tempest in the first act of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," and an afternoon costume of black-and-white and steel reached the highest point of achievement. But this is, after all, "declining" into description, like Mr. Silas Wegg, and the creations of a maker of elaborate Paris frocks defy that process. I shall not attempt it.

An object-lesson in the delicate, lace-like method of jewel-setting revived by the Parisian Diamond Company is given this week in the festoon necklace, spray corsage brooch, and Louis Quatorze comb shown in our illustration. Praise and appreciation come naturally for these exquisitely set specimens of the company's jewellery; but still more will be found due when it is realised that it is the Parisian Diamond Company who have trained and educated the public taste by the refinement and artistic merits of all their productions during the past decade or two. Up to our initiation by the company into the intrinsic merits of well-designed jewellery we were content to dwell with fender tiaras, egg-plate brooches, and to accept the "taste and fancy" of the working jeweller as our own. *Nous avons changé*—but to whom is the merit due if not to the regenerating efforts of the Parisian Diamond Company?

To sum up the virtues of a really smart new baby-carriage just built by Messrs. Leveson, of 92, New Oxford Street, for Princess Alexander of Teck's infant, is quite easy. Morocco of fine quality in a shade of invisible green, soft cushions, highly tempered steel springs—everything to make that fortunate young mortal's daily drive as easy as only a Leveson carriage can compass is insured. How deservedly fortunate to have attained that eminence and high reputation in business when the name of Leveson immediately suggests perambulators, just as Paris might *sole au vin blanc* or Campbell-Bannerman political commotion.

London has many attractions, but one decided drawback in the hardness of its water, which makes frequent ablutions a pain and penance to the hands and face. It is useful, therefore, to know that

a few drops of the famous Eau de Toilette by Lubin transforms the hardest water (makes it soft as well as sweet, being deliciously scented) and that its use is, moreover, very beneficial to the skin. SYBIL.

The authorities of the Louvre are periodically alarmed on the subject of fire. All sorts of regulations are issued with a view to safeguarding the national art treasures. The very latest regulation compels the people



A PERAMBULATOR FOR PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK'S BABY.

Manufactured by Messrs. Leveson and Sons, 90 and 92, New Oxford Street, W.C.

who copy pictures in the various galleries to fire-proof their easels and painting materials. This fire-proofing business is a long and somewhat costly process. Now, as picture-copyists are not indecently wealthy as a body, they resent this addition to their expenditure.



DELIGHTFUL JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

In another case the magistrate said to the prisoner—"How could you commit so abominable a crime for eighty-three francs?" This method of reasoning reminds one, does it not? of the honest and long-suffering spouse of Louis the Well-Beloved. A priest was detailing a piece of scandal connected with a lady of the Court. "How abominable," said the Queen, "that she should neglect her duties to her husband for, what did she say? a thousand livres!" "Supposing she had received the double, the triple—a million?" insinuated the worldly Abbot. "Ah, do not talk of it!" sighed honest Marie Leczinska.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company's cricket club held their fourteenth annual smoking concert at the King's Hall last Monday night, when a particularly pleasant and varied entertainment was provided for a large number of visitors, nearly a thousand being present. The club, after its fourteenth season, appears to be as vigorous and flourishing as the Company whose name it bears, and a very successful concert was enjoyed under the chairmanship of Mr. A. G. Maginnis.

They have appealed to be excused. In their petition to the Minister of Fine Arts they say: "You cannot be thorough in this matter. Some of us have wooden legs." But if the Minister should insist on "neutralising" the wooden legs? He might certainly do worse than ban the inflammable hair-comb!

The invasion of Europe by the New World will be greater than ever this year. The exodus began on April 1, and from that date to the end of September every berth in all the ships running to Europe has been already taken. The Transatlantic lines are chartering vessels wherever they can to deal with this rush of passengers, but even so the companies' offices are besieged in New York.

Paris is proud of its detective system, but, like other human institutions, that system is apt to err. The magistrates who direct the "instruction," or preliminary examination, come sometimes to a strange conclusion not entirely based upon the facts. For instance, the other day, in the notorious Bédor murder case, where a fancy-goods manufacturer was done to death by his chauffeur, the police were for a long time on a false track simply because of the refusal of the investigating magistrate to admit the theory of robbery as the motive. He declined to take into account the contents of the safe, and it was not until much later that the disappearance of some eight thousand francs was admitted as a piece of important evidence.

**Aero Club's**  
3rd MONTHLY DINNER.

TUESDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1906.

Eclairs de Russie  
Tortue Royale  
Saumon d'Ecosse sec, Vierge  
Concombres  
Pommes de Terre Nouvelles  
Blanchailles au Paprika  
Tournedos Renaissance  
Filets de Volaille Financière  
Sorbet à l'Ananas  
Caneton de Rouen à la Presse  
Salade Lorette  
Asperges d'Argentan sec, crème  
Bombe à l'Aéro  
Corbeille de Mignardises  
Dessert

"The Florence," L. AZARDO, Prop.  
51 ROYAL ST., W. A. BONOLDI, Mng'r.

ROTHSCHILD, 56 REGENT STREET, W.

OF INTEREST TO AERONAUTS: THE MENU OF THE AERO CLUB'S THIRD MONTHLY DINNER.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 9.*

## GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

BY falling on a Sunday, April the First saved the Stock Exchange from any apprehension that might otherwise have ensued upon a drop in the price of, say, Consols. Wherefore we may take it that the usual omens are still favourable to improvement in the price of Goschens, and the Money Market is of these omens the most powerful. This week witnesses the release of thousands of pounds in dividend warrants, besides the settlement of a Consol Account in which the bull account has apparently been reduced to a slight extent. These two favourable factors are reinforced by others bearing relation to the more technical operations of Lombard Street, where the discount-houses are credited with large purchases of Consols in view of lighter money and a good surplus to be disclosed by the Budget. The exceptional lateness of the Chancellor's speech—it will not be made until after Easter—is seized upon by those who put every trifle under the microscope of their optimism, which now foresees surpluses ranging from three to six millions sterling. Taking three millions as a more prudent figure, it is manifest that the employment of this money in the purchase of Treasury Bills, Exchequer Bonds, or Consols, or all three, will mean a great deal to the Consol Market, and through that department will affect the various issues which more or less directly hang upon the Funds. By this line of argument it is as patent that Consols will rise as that eggs are Cambridge; but there's many a slip, and it is never safe to count even financial eggs before they're hatched.

## TWO GREAT MINES.

The first annual general meeting of the Spassky Copper Mine, Limited, was held last week, and a great future was forecasted for the mine—or rather the mines, for

the property is rather a mine-field than a single mine—by the Chairman, Mr. Arthur Fell, M.P. He referred especially to the report of Mr. E. T. McCarthy, a well-known engineer who visited the mines in September and October last. Mr. McCarthy's estimate of the value of the copper in sight, or virtually in sight, in two shutes only is £3,374,000, taking the price of copper at £90 a ton. It must be remembered, of course, that the price of copper is higher in Russia than elsewhere, owing to the duty. The actual price obtained by the Spassky Company for its last lot of copper was over £112 a ton. The plant now being erected, which, it is hoped, will be at work within the year, will be capable of producing three hundred tons of copper a month—about treble the present output; but the Chairman was careful to add that that is only the beginning. In addition, about twenty miles from the copper-mines the Company owns valuable coal-mines, which not only supply all the coal required for the copper-mines, but will become of much greater value if the projected railway from Tomsk to Tashkend is built.

When I first referred to the Spassky Mine in this paper the shares stood at about £5. At their present price of £7½ the future is, of course, considerably discounted, but, if the Chairman's predictions are verified, much higher prices are possible.

The annual meeting of the Premier Diamond Company was held at Johannesburg on Feb. 27, and the report of its proceedings has reached this country this week. On the whole, the Chairman's remarks are encouraging. The new gear, as so often happens, has taken longer than was expected to get into order, but is expected to be working at its full capacity by June next. The question of the decline in the percentage yield of the ground is fully dealt with in the report and in the Chairman's speech, and there seems no reason to doubt that it is only temporary. On the other hand, it is very satisfactory to note that the price of diamonds continues to rise, so that, with the whole plant at work, very large profits could be earned, even if there were no improvement in the grade. The labour difficulty is on the way to solution, and the same may be said with regard to the water-supply.

In recommending Premier Deferred shares last October, I wrote, "The shares should be bought and put away for six months. No attention need be paid to the present rate of output and profits." The warning was needed, for in the interim a concerted bear attack depressed the price of the shares at one time to £8. As was remarked in your editorial column last week, Premier shares are not for those who cannot face a paper loss with equanimity, but I believe that those who have patience will be amply rewarded for their confidence in the mine. Q.

March 31, 1906.

## KAFFIR CRISES.

By this time the Kaffir Market has become so accustomed to crises that if a week goes by without any sensational happening, dealers ought to be quite disappointed. It would greatly refresh Mr. Chamberlain to hear the growing consensus of opinion upon the present Government. Yesterday a jobber went so far as to point explicitly to a couple of high points that jut out, one on each side of the market. "I should like," he said with deliberation, "to see Winston Churchill swinging on that one, and Campbell-Bannerman on the other one." But, jesting apart, even some of the most pro-Chinese members have begun to acknowledge that the experiment had perhaps better not have been made, although the question immediately arises as to what would have become of the market if the industry were starved for lack of labour. The answer seems to lie in some sort of

modification of the Ordinance, and this way there may still be found a key to unlock the present pressing difficulties. Meanwhile, of course, the mine-owners (as apart from shareholders, who are quite different) concentrate their energies upon the producing companies. Hence one Company enters the dividend-list what time another one is shut down. There is little enough inducement to buy Kaffirs on the chance of an early revival, because, for one thing, the public are doing nothing, and for another, the political atmosphere will be clouded for many months to come. For nobody can tell yet how the Transvaal will vote when its opinion is canvassed with regard to the retention of Chinese labour in some form modified to meet the declared policy of the Imperial Parliament.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

What I should like to be now more than anything else is a bucket-shop. Dull markets are for them golden periods, and I believe I could induce an alluring circular with the best of them. For example, it is pretty obvious to most of us that Kaffirs are likely to be stupid and lifeless for weeks. All I have to do is to compose a sort of chatty letter upon things in general, and to wind up—in a purely casual sort of way—with a strong expression of opinion as to Kaffirs being bound to rise. May I try my hand? "The wonderful strides made by the gold industry of the Transvaal since the termination of the Boer War, the vast savings introduced into working costs by the adoption of tube-mills, etc., the steady advance in the numbers of dividend-paying mines, the greater usefulness of the Chinese labourer as he becomes more accustomed to his work—are not these factors completely overlooked by the Stock Exchange market? Nor must one forget the claims of Rhodesia in the dazzling prospect opened to those smart enough to go ahead of the Stock Exchange and the professional houses. Rhodesia has gold in profusion, and as soon as the labour troubles of the Transvaal are settled—we may add, *sub rosa*, that our Johannesburg Special Correspondent declares they are already settled—Rhodesia will blossom like the rose. Think, in these circumstances, of being able to secure a call-option upon Chartered for half-a-crown a share! upon East Rand for five shillings!! upon Modders for seven-and-six!!! Appalled as we are at this prospect for money-making becoming closed, we enclose a telegraph-form, and all you need do is to fill up the amount you want to invest (there is no other word for it) and we will see that you get in on the ground floor when your money comes to hand."

The betting is that, the money once sent—Guess.

Great are the tips which reach me with regard to York Deferred. And at its present price the stock pays a trifle over 3 per cent. on the money, so it is not like buying Dover "A." The traffics are moderately good, but one thing which must be remembered is the Company's intention to electrify its suburban service. Nothing may be attempted in this direction for perhaps another year, and the hapless passengers who cannot make use of the Great Northern and City or the North London must submit to the lengthy, irritating delays at York Road Station which have cost the Company dearly in

loss of passenger traffic. It is probable that the Great Northern will take no active steps in the direction of electrification until the fate of the St. Neots power scheme is settled, and as a speculative investment Great Northern Deferred should do well for the man or woman who locks it up for six months.

Since there is a very fair chance of the United Lankat Company paying 50 per cent. dividend this year, the price of the shares may easily go to 5. The rate, however, is hardly likely to be maintained, and even those who most favour the Company admit that the prices which it is now obtaining at The Hague for tobacco are phenomenal.

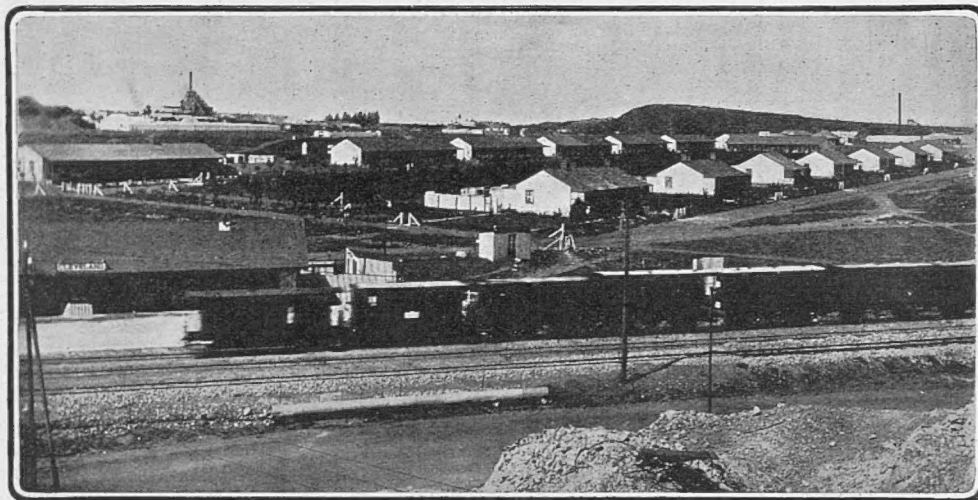
The Bar of the Stock Exchange, as many outsiders are aware, is an enclosure just inside the Capel Court door. How the name came to be given nobody knows, any more than they can tell why the Consol dealers' seats to the right are nicknamed "The Kitchen," and those on the left "The Parlour." The little old lady who sold apples and ginger-beer to members of the House at the Bar is a dear tradition, her memory sweetly touched by the haze of history. Whether she was a proverb or not I, at least, am unable to say; but in the place where tradition places her stall there is at the present time an ingenious system by which the men who have crossed the Bar can command the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse with almost equal facility. It would be more appropriate to liken it to the bridge of a ship. Private lines run from the Bar to the roof of the Stock Exchange, to the Committee Room, and a dozen other places. There is a general telephone and a special one, while a third goes to Paris direct. If the Managers were suddenly called upon to repel invasion, they could bring every waiter in the place to the Bar in less than five minutes. In their new hats (which cost two guineas apiece), the waiters would make a brave muster, because the hats are heavily trimmed with silver-gilt, and, after a year's service, the band is saleable at something like two shillings.

But why this trifling? Life is short, and—By the way, that reminds me. In my last letter written for *The Sketch*, I used a quotation that drew upon me serious wrath. "You should leave the Bible alone," my censor said severely, but when with meekness it was pointed out that the passage came from the Book of Ecclesiasticus, and not from the Bible, he left the office very softly.

Shareholders in some of the Indian mines are not having a very happy time of it. The Oregum looks as though its opulent days were over for a while, and there may be diminution in the dividend cheques for 1906-7 as compared with the 1s. 3d. per share paid for 1905-6. The shares are of the nominal value of 10s. each, standing about 50 per cent. premium. Here is all the glorious uncertainty of mining. To-morrow the Company may strike rich ground; it has plenty of undeveloped property; it may go on for months, or even longer, without finding good ore. I don't think I would sell the shares if they were mine, but it is largely a matter of temperament and capacity for waiting.

In the same market disport themselves the shares of the amazing Indian Glenrock Company, which ought to be sold without further waste of time and possibly money. But Mount Lyells are going better—not with any great rush, but steadily.

Some of us wonder now and again whether another daily financial paper would pay if every sort of questionable device were abolished from its pages. Supposing,



WITWATERSRAND GOLDFIELD: JUMPERS DEEP—WORKMEN'S QUARTERS.



dear my reader, that you yourself were about to start such an enterprise, we should all know what to look for. There would be no obvious lack of criticism of a prospectus simply because the promoters paid you high rates for their advertising of a swindle. You would be incapable of receiving substantial annual amounts from certain public gentlemen whose modesty forbade occasional reference to their swindles. If the directors of a Company offered to pay you for insertion in your paper of a meeting of their shareholders, you would decline to accept so much per cent. more for a pretty little puff on the news page, or a still heavier honorarium for a "leader" about the concern, nor would you slash a company merely because it advertised in a rival newspaper, but not in your own columns. I doubt very much whether you would pen a severe attack upon one undertaking, and then carry it round to others of a similar character with the polite insinuation that unless they—er—did business with you, it might be necessary to refer in—er—terms of the—er—same sort. Dear my reader, won't you start another such daily financial newspaper?

Done it, by Jove! Written nearly a column of words, idle words, in days like these, and never once mentioned Chinese Slavery! I made a private bet with myself at the start that such a thing was impossible, and having lost my bet with myself, I hasten to send the mite to the *Tribune's* fund for Miss Ellen Terry, who in the whole House has no more profound admirer than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE BRITISH AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

There has been some stir in the shares of this Syndicate during the last few days. The capital is £40,000, and the Company possesses an option—don't forget it is only an option—over the Lorimer automatic telephone patents. The vista of possibilities opened by such an idea is immense—riches far beyond the dreams of avarice to the man or the company who can successfully accomplish what is claimed for these patents. We all curse the telephone and use it, but if there were no telephone girl to annoy, no "clerk in charge" to complain to, no cutting off in the middle of a conversation, half the discomforts of life would be gone. We do not know the price at which the Syndicate holds the British option or for how long that option runs, but if the patents do what is claimed for them, there is the wealth of Ind in the idea. The French Government have decided that an installation shall be erected as quickly as possible on a practical scale, and the National Telephone Company has made an application to put up, at its own expense, an installation in London for experimental purposes. There is likely to be some lively gambling in the Syndicate's shares within the next few months.

Saturday, March 31, 1906.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. MCG.—You can order the book of any stationer, giving title, author, and publisher, and you will get it. The price is, we think, 6s. less discount. If you prefer to write direct to the publisher, his address is W. Heinemann, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

OASIS.—We think the shares are a tempting purchase. The hauling gear met with an accident, and has to be completely reconstructed.

S. A.—See this week's Notes. As you have a profit, why not buy a few more, and if there is a further rise follow the shares up, giving your broker an order to sell at such a price as will prevent loss if the market goes the wrong way.

A. M.—On no account let your policy lapse. The Company, despite the disclosures, is amply solvent, and the extravagance, waste, and robbery which have gone on will be stopped, and can only affect your profits.

J. K.—There is no reason to sell Waihi shares if you want a solid mining investment, which is all we ever said the shares were good for. Give up looking at the papers or considering the price.

BAKE.—(1) Yes, but you run the risk of a break in Yankee Rails which would carry C.P.s with it. (2) Probably cheaper to cut the loss and realise now. (3) The Telegraphs are a market tip, as it is expected that next February the dividend will be 30s. per cent.

J. W. R.—You ought to be able to judge of the investment far better than we can, but inquiries shall be made and we will give you an answer next week.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be a big crowd at the Newbury Meeting, where some of the following may win: Beckhampton Plate, Knight Commander; Newbury Spring Cup, Roseate Dawn; Spring Three-Year-Old Plate, Ramrod; Thatcham Handicap, Bowery; Compton Handicap, Queens-cliff; Chieveley Handicap, Part Malt; Kingsclere Stakes, Crown Gem; Carnarvon Stakes, Prodigy; Wantage Plate, Salford; Marlborough Handicap, Ritchie; Newbury Welter Plate, Domino. At Croxton Park I like Patron Saint for the Granby Welter, and River for the Belvoir Welter. The following may go close at Derby: Doveridge Handicap, Gold Lock; Welbeck Handicap, Tripping; Sudbury Stakes, Pythiaf; Chaddesden Plate, Signet; Derbyshire Handicap, North Deighton; Chatsworth Stakes, Transfer; Osmaston Plate, Claretot. At Alexandra Park on Saturday, Harpist may win the Highgate Stakes, Lucinda the Alexandra Handicap, Ardeer the Country Handicap, and Park Ranger the Middlesex Plate.

#### EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

WE notice that the Great Central Railway Company are offering admirable and ample facilities to those desirous of spending Eastertide at places reached by their picturesque and comfortable route. Excursions are announced from London to all the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and North-West Coast watering places, Scotland and Ireland. The information has been comprehensively and concisely tabulated in an A.B.C. programme, showing all particulars at a glance. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or at any of the company's suburban stations, town offices, or agencies.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railways will issue excursion tickets to Paris via Folkestone and Calais, via Folkestone and Boulogne, and via Dover and Calais, returning from Paris at 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or 8.40 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. Cheap excursions are also announced to Boulogne, Calais, Brussels, Ostend, Amsterdam, The Hague, and other Dutch towns, via Queenborough and Flushing. During the holidays the Continental services will run as usual, with the exception that services will not be run from and to Charing Cross. The home arrangements are equally full. Full particulars of the Continental and home excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

Literally bathed in sunshine, incomparable for charm of scenery, variety of attractions, and equability of climate, the delightful seaside resorts of the Sunny South and South-West, and those nestling amidst the rugged grandeur and loveliness of the North Devon and Cornwall coasts appeal with irresistible force to the seeker after health and pleasure. Every facility for the enjoyment of the Easter holidays is afforded by the London and South-Western Railway Company, whose excellent programme of excursions and special arrangements is a further evidence of their enterprise in anticipating and meeting the requirements of the holiday-maker. Full particulars of the special arrangements and excursions for the Easter holidays are given in programmes to be obtained at any of the company's London offices and stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Great Northern Railway Company's Easter excursion programme this year contains an extensive and varied list of facilities for holiday-makers, and goes to justify the company's claim that they make a specialty of holiday travel. On Thursday, April 12, there are excursions for five, six, or nine days to all the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and the North Eastern districts, and on the same day for five, eight, or eighteen days to the principal stations in Scotland. On Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, April 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17, excursions will be run for various periods to numerous stations served by the Great Northern. The usual Sunday excursions will be run on Good Friday, as well as on Easter Sunday, the periods for which the tickets are available being extended. Programmes giving full particulars of these arrangements can be had on application at any of the company's offices or stations, or from the chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross, London, N.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. A corridor train, with vestibuled carriages, dining and breakfast cars, is run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich. From the Hook of Holland through carriages and restaurant cars run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Special tickets at reduced fares have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels for the Field of Waterloo.

To contribute to the enjoyment of the large armies of spring holiday-makers, the Great Western—the railway of special features—has planned an increased number of high-class express excursions, for which the company is famous, at convenient times and low fares, for short and long periods. These facilities extend from London to Birkenhead, Shrewsbury, Wrexham, and Chester; from London to Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, and all parts of South Wales and Ireland; to Hereford, Malvern, Worcester, and Gloucester; to Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Exeter, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Plymouth, and the delectable Duchy of Cornwall, comprising such beauty spots as Fowey, Newquay, Truro, Falmouth, Helston, St. Ives, Carbis Bay, and Penzance (for the Scilly Isles). A concise holiday programme of the numerous cheap trips can be obtained at all stations and offices of the company, or direct from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.

At Easter it is now quite the fashion to flit across the Channel to Dieppe, Rouen, or Paris; and to enable the journey to be performed economically the Brighton Railway Company have arranged to run a special fourteen-day excursion via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail route, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine. The tickets will be issued on April 12, by the morning express service, also by the express night service on the evenings from April 11 to 14. Special cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued from April 12 to 16, available to return on any day up to and including the following Tuesday.